E. C. Wilson

When the Hopkins Came To Baltimore

By ALLEN KERR BOND, B. A., M. D.
[Author of The Baltimore Guide]

1927
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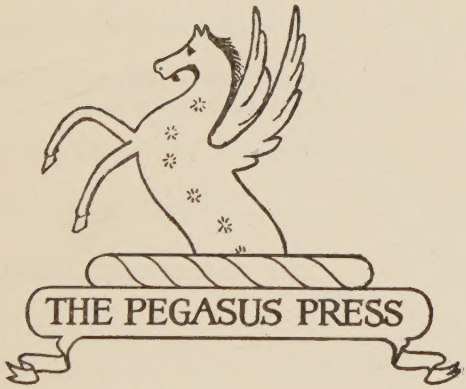

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Preface

BALTIMORE'S Educational History has been ably recorded in the recent work edited by Clayton C. Hall and Matthew Page Andrews; and in the United States Bureau of Education Circulars, by Dr. Bernard C. Steiner. The purpose of the present book is not to duplicate those publications, but to offer an account of the subject in such a sketchy form that it may interest the general public of our great city. Anyone who even looks over the card catalogue of Dr. Steiner's publications in a public library must realize that in the death of the Librarian of the Enoch Pratt Library, Baltimore lost a devoted citizen of the highest literary gifts.

In his History of University Education in Maryland, (Johns Hopkins University Studies, Ninth Series), Dr. Steiner says: "To the superficial observer from a distance it sometimes seems as if University education in Maryland began with the foundation of the Johns Hopkins University * * * but Maryland, instead of being one of the latest of the United States to conceive the University idea, was in fact one of the very earliest, and * * * her institutions have a history of which they need not be ashamed."

My narrative (including, like the Hopkins, both general and medical subjects), opens with a review of these educational efforts as they affect the citizens of Baltimore, gleaned from the above-mentioned histories, from old family letters, and from talks with friends who attended schools now almost forgotten. This is supplemented, in another chapter, by chronological tabulations (or "Calendars") for ready reference.

It then passes on to tell very simply my own educational experiences in that period which surrounded the foundation of the Hopkins;—at its Academic Department; at the Old Medical School; and in City practice. If I have given a picture of that Transition Era true to the facts, my little book is worth the writing.

CHAPTER I

EARLY SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS

A LOVE for culture has characterized Baltimore from its foundation. This is clearly shown by official records as well as by tradition. Two or three years after the establishment of Independence, a classical and mathematical school was founded by the citizens of the little town, now numbering over fifteen thousand. Although this school lived but a short time, its inception under the cooperation of the leading Roman Catholic, Episcopal and Presbyterian clergymen testified, not only to a widespread appreciation of education throughout the little community, but also to an unusual degree of enlightenment throughout its church circles.

Medical men, too, were of high type in early Baltimore, many of them, immigrants, being graduates of good European schools. Between 1778 and 1790, Dr. Wiesenthal (said to have been the physician to Frederick the Great), formed a small society here and began to give lectures on several medical topics. Before the end of the century, Dr. Wiesenthal's initiative had borne fruit in a private Medical School organized by his son. Other physicians of energy were attracted to Baltimore, and professional *esprit de corps* increased, until in 1799 Baltimore contributed respectably to the foundation of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty (the State Medical Society); being represented by a strong contingent of six, "clad in the antique style of wig, cue, frilled shirt, high-necked coat with large brass buttons, knee-britches, stockings, shoe-buckles and not least, the gold-headed cane." Four of them had been trained in the universities of Oxford and Edinburgh; one was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania; and the sixth had been a Revolutionary army surgeon.

In 1799 an academic department was added to the Sulpician Seminary of St. Mary's (the ancient Seminary still on Paca Street whose Gothic chapel is so much admired). Endowed, six years later, with University standing, this school offered to the city for fifty years the highest educational opportunities; yielding the task then to the Jesuit college (Loyola) on Calvert Street.

With the opening of a new century, a movement for a great medical school under the shelter of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty soon got under way and eventuated, in 1807, in the foundation by city practitioners (among them my grandfather, Dr. T. E. Bond) of that sturdy school on the corner of Lombard and Greene Streets, which has ever since educated the majority of the practitioners in this State and in the States westward of it,—its old high-pillared Medical Hall planned after the Pantheon at Rome standing still perfect today, a shrine to the descendants of its throngs of alumni, a testimonial to the high aims and cultured tastes of the men who made Baltimore Town a City.

The Baltimore College

There was chartered also at this time a second school of classical education, the Baltimore College, not so vigorous as St. Mary's, but (non-sectarian, with Archbishop Carroll at its helm) enduring for thirty years until it became the Faculty of Arts and Sciences of the University of Maryland, Among its alumni, its greatest ornament was John P. Kennedy (the versatile literary patron of Edgar A. Poe) "a name identified with all that is graceful and gracious in American letters, and useful and honorable in American statesmanship."

In 1854 this Faculty of Arts and Sciences was reorganized under the title of the School of Letters of the University. Its President, Dr. Dalrymple, was as Cordell testifies a man of scholarly attainments ranking high as a student of

the classics, reading Latin as easily as English. A fine portrait of him is in the Maryland Academy of Sciences. His chief characteristic was his unbounded faith in the efficacy of hard work. School was not so much a place to acquire knowledge, as an intellectual gymnasium. Tradition relates that he was inexorable in his demand for perfection in the tasks assigned to the pupils, and many illustrations of his exactness have been preserved. He does not seem to have used the rod (which is hardly credible); pupils who failed in their lessons were kept in until they knew them perfectly. He did not always keep them in literally; for there is a story of his taking some of these unfortunates off a-fishing with him; while he fished the pupils got up the back lessons!

However reorganized or entitled, the department lacked funds and soon began to decline. The last lessons were given there in the year the Hopkins opened. Mr. William Reynolds, who graduated in 1860, stated that his entire class could repeat the *Ars Poetica* of Horace by heart in Latin (nearly 500 lines).

I have some very interesting mementoes of this Baltimore College in its first and third stages of existence. One is a Greek Testament awarded by the Baltimore College in 1830, just before its alliance with the University of Maryland, to my father, Thomas E. Bond, junior, for "1st Premium, First Greek Class," by C. Williams, the President. The other mementoes are ten medals bearing on one side "University of Maryland", and on the other, the proficiencies for which they were awarded. They were all won by Theodore C. Gambrall. for French and Mathematics in 1857; for Mathematics, Greek, and Latin in 1858; and for Mathematics, Greek, Latin, French, and Punctuality in 1859. The recipient of these medals is well-known to people of culture as the Historian of the Colonial Episcopal Church in Maryland.

Newton University

Perhaps the most ambitious of all these colleges was Newton University. It came late upon the scene, in 1845. It had even professors of Oriental Languages and of Anglo-Saxon; and gave all the usual degrees, and in addition a unique degree of Master of School Keeping; having well-equipped Normal classes, with a Directory for furnishing school teachers who had taken this diploma. It had in its curriculum a group system of studies, with a department looking toward business life. At its commencements, oratorical contests were staged with polygot salutatories in English, French, Spanish, Greek, Latin, and German. For some twenty years it cut a great figure in the city's educational life.

From 1800 until the Johns Hopkins came upon the scene, there had been chartered in Baltimore, (excluding all in distant parts of the State) ten colleges authorized to confer all degrees; and four of these had been raised to the dignity of universities. The fatal defect of all was, not lack of high ideals and able teachers; but lack of great endowments to ensure the salaries of the teachers and to provide for addition of new departments. For some reason which I do not know, the capitalization of the earlier colleges in Maryland was limited in their charters to about one hundred thousand dollars (as in those of the University of Maryland and the Baltimore Female College). That of Cokesbury College was limited to an annual income of three thousand pounds (fifteen thousand dollars); of Baltimore College, to nine thousand pounds; of Asbury, to five thousand dollars; of Franklin College, to ten thousand dollars; and of Newton University, to twelve thousand dollars. Compare these figures with the seven-million-dollar endowment of the Johns Hopkins, which might yield something like *four hundred thousand dollars a year!*

The University of Maryland

Having witnessed the struggles of Mr. Hopkins' able Trustees to found his University on this basis (such are the unexpected expenses of these institutions), I am filled with admiration that colleges and universities of an earlier day, even with a simpler standard of living, survived so long and did such efficient work. Any one, tracing in Cordell's fine volumes the history of the present State University from its earliest beginnings, will rise from the reading with a new faith that his City and State have in them energy and ability, if wisely directed, to accomplish anything, no matter how difficult, that civilization demands of them.

After twice failing in efforts to found a State University, the Legislature chartered a medical college in Baltimore, which, in 1808 bounded upon the stage without endowment, without building of any sort, but with the backing of the medical men of Baltimore, among whom the author is proud to recognize two of his ancestors,—Drs. Bond and Birckhead. Baltimore was all alive in those days; and in the memorable year, 1812, "the finest structure devoted to medical education to be found in the New World" arose at the present corner of Lombard and Greene streets.

The sight of this beautiful building, the equal even today in classic dignity of any of our nation, put heart again into Marylanders, and the Legislature decreed forthwith a new University of Maryland, with a Faculty of Divinity, a Faculty of Law, a Faculty of Arts and Sciences, to be "constituted, appointed and annexed to itself" by the Medical College,—its Faculty of Physic.

It has always been an uncertain and anxious task,—this rearing of triplets—, and the experience of the Faculty of Physic in its unique undertaking was no exception to the rule. The Faculty of Divinity "was never strong" and did not survive. Gradually, however, others were added by birth, by adoption, or by affiliation to the family; and today the Old

School of Medicine is the historic centre of a lusty circle of eleven teaching groups. At the corner of Lombard and Greene Streets, five "Schools"; and at College Park, in Prince George County, five "Colleges" and one "School".

The Public Schools

During all this period, the Public Schools of Baltimore had been steadily advancing in efficiency. They seem to have had their origin in the recognition by the city government of "Free Schools"; which had been established by religious bodies for the education of destitute children but had taken in gradually more and more of the children of the well-to do citizens. It is to Religion acting through or beyond church organizations that the city owes all of its public institutions for the rescue and uplift of its unwealthy classes. Church people started them and later the government took them over.

Steiner says that the possibility of the general education now accomplished by our public schools was first "borne in upon" educators by the now forgotten demonstrations of Joseph Lancaster, who at his Lancasterian Institute in Baltimore published a book on his new System of Teaching. I have described such a school in detail in the recently published Guide to Baltimore. In these Lancasterian Schools, which were established in many countries, the cost of education was only one-fifth of that in the private schools. One good teacher was expected to handle four or five hundred pupils. Even in needle work, a Lancasterian teacher "could teach three hundred pupils how to work, as easily as to read." Modern teachers, overburdened with classes of fifty, will please take notice!

Armed with this short-lived, cheap System, the city authorities felt able to district the whole city and establish schools in each district. In this movement, preexisting Free Schools were taken over, and High Schools were instituted. These

latter, becoming too popular, gradually raised their standards, restricted the number of their pupils, and forced the inferior public schools to improve and elevate their curriculum in order to meet the demands of those shut out from the high schools. In 1866, the first Superintendent of Public Schools was appointed, and a thorough reorganization was effected. Little further advance, however, was made till close to the end of the century;—this great public department, as to its practical workings, having passed absolutely into control of local politicians.

THE PEABODY

Just after the Civil War, an institution of great value in higher education was endowed in Baltimore, the Peabody Institute. Its wonderful stores of literary reference books not accessible outside of the greatest libraries of the world are familiar to every cultured citizen; its diploma in music is a coveted prize throughout the nation; the name of its donor is a household word. But while Mr. George Peabody gave the money, the value of the Institute to the community and its preeminent worth in education are the expression of the wisdom and loyalty to the city of another great man who lived among us to the end, and in his will thanks God for many blessings; among them the opportunities for public service afforded him through the confidence of his fellow-townsmen in more than one honorable trust—yet the name of John P. Kennedy is already well nigh forgotten.

These two, Peabody and Kennedy, had boarded together as young men and together had faced the enemy in the attack upon the city in 1814, when, in his old age Peabody, now a wealthy London banker, resolved to bequeath his great fortune for the endowment of charitable and educational institutions and thought of Baltimore, he wrote to Kennedy and asked advice. Kennedy drew up a plan for an Institution along the present lines, which was at once adopted by Peabody.

Entrusted with the organization of the Institute, Kennedy studied similar establishments in England and on the Continent. He was the moving spirit of the Peabody trustees. If they had consented, he would have gathered into one great building not only the Peabody but also the Maryland Historical Society; and drawn together in a great educational nucleus all the means of popular culture in the city. His ideal included a great free library; a course of scholarly lectures; prizes for merit in the High Schools; a music school; an art gallery with annual exhibitions; and the Maryland Institute, with other cultural associations. Everything notable in literature and science useful to scholars'' was the keynote.

When Mr. Peabody came to Baltimore in 1866, during the absence of Mr. Kennedy in Europe, he found his Board of Trustees hopelessly divided, the ten Southerners against thirteen Yankees. At the inauguration banquet, he made them shake hands all around the table, ''and gentlemen who had not met or spoken to one another for years renewed their friendship.''

In early days, the great aid to study in private schools of all grades, for both sexes, was the rod and many traditions have been handed down concerning this great incentive to virtuous effort. My father, when a little boy, attended a school conducted by a teacher of high reputation who always whipped a number of the boys at the opening of school, before he began to teach;—especially one sensitive boy (of poor parents) who ''jumped like a frog'' under the discipline. This gentleman, being ill on one occasion, had a boy brought to his bedside and placed there on a stool; and died of overexertion while beating him on the feet. The procession of little boy mourners at the funeral of this educator was remembered by my father as the happiest event of his boyhood.

Another tradition of the family is of an elderly Dame-School mistress of high standing in well-to-do circles who was caught one night by two of her ex-pupils on their return to

Baltimore from a voyage as sailors, taken into an alley, and thrashed "exactly as she had thrashed them."

The belief that, in whipping, the educational point of view was lost in hatred bred of the physical struggle, caused our Public School authorities early to condemn the practice. In the Hooks Town Academy (as I have elsewhere narrated) the boys themselves tempered the severity of the thrashings by nicking with their penknives the rods they brought to the teacher from the nearby woods, and covering the deficiency by extra-loud howls of anguish.

CHAPTER II

EDUCATION FOR WOMEN

THE earliest tradition which has been handed down to me, in regard to the education of women of Baltimore, concerns Aliceanna Bond, after whom a waterside street on Fell's Point is named. A bit of faded manuscript in my possession among the papers of John Bond, the first shipper of that little port and in his own handwriting, states that his wife was "the youngest daughter of John Webster, seniour. She had many fine qualities and understood Medicine which she administered without fee or reward. She left ten children to condole her loss with their father. 'Give her of the fruits of her hands, and let her own works follow her' ". In the families of colonial times there must have been many such women of fine minds, who envied the men for their greater educational privileges and seized upon every opportunity for self-development. Kitty Knight, for instance, the heroine of our Eastern Shore, sat in public gatherings among the men, as she was "tired of chatter about clothes and such nonsense"; and would read no book written by a woman because "no woman had sense enough to write a book."

After the Revolution very good schools were established in the larger cities, and the young ladies of prominent families had, many of them, very fine training. I have several letters dated about 1813 from Peter Hoffman, a leading merchant of Baltimore, to his daughter, who was a pupil in the school of Miss Lyman at Philadelphia. He comments with delight on her taking for the second time the medal "for Sincerity", which he values most highly. His appreciation of culture is great. "I would undergo any privation," he writes, "in order that my children may have a good education."

About this time there lived in Maryland a very remarkable woman whose name should not be forgotten,—Margaret Mercer, the daughter of Governor Mercer, a distinguished veteran officer of the Revolution. She was the author of a number of books,—*Studies for Bible Classes; A series of Lectures for Young Ladies,* etc.;— and became noted for her sacrifice in freeing her slaves and sending them to Liberia. Warfield says she was known as "the Hannah Moore of America."

In 1818 a young ladies' seminary was established in Baltimore by "the accomplished daughters of Professor Blackburn," (a mathematical wonder), of Asbury College.

About 1834, my mother and her sisters were educated in the seminary of Mr. Clark, on E. Saratoga Street, where Latin, Greek, and if desired, Hebrew were taught. One of these sisters, at her seventieth year could read Latin easily.

I was curious to know where a patient of mine, ninety-four years of age, well connected socially, was educated. She says she was born on Stiles Street, then moved to Exeter Street and went to school at Miss Hall's on Aisquith Street, then at Mr. Adkins' (afterward a P. E. clergyman); "finishing" at Mr. Morrison's.

There are dim memories of a Baltimore Collegiate Institute for Young Ladies. After much searching, I have found an advertisement for 1853 which represents it as sixteen years old, with pupils from all the Atlantic States, ten teachers, an imposing "Board of Council," and Rev. John R. Jarboe, President.

In 1850 Mr. Brooks, an educator of the highest type, resigned the charge of the Baltimore City College, which he had conducted for ten years, and became Principal of the Baltimore Female College, which he made the Goucher of that half century. This fine school embodied the third attempt of Methodism to establish advanced education in this city. Among my letters is one from Dr. Thomas E. Bond, a Founder of

the University of Maryland and later "Defender of Methodism," in which he pictures the struggles of the early Methodist preachers to develop higher education,—even by "begging from door to door for contributions." The women of Baltimore should never forget this debt.

"Before the War"

The decade preceding the Civil War shows few of the young men of the city attending college. The young women, however, enjoyed rare educational advantages along the narrow lines then permitted. Miss Bond, the author of *Memories of General Robert E. Lee* (just published) gives me an interesting picture of a girl's education at that period;—she was taught to read, in her sixth year, by one of Mr. Clark's graduates, who used the modern method of teaching it,—not the A, B,—AB, method then customary. Two years later, she entered Miss McDowell's school. From her ninth to eleventh year, her father taught her—in Euclid and in Latin grammar.

She then entered the Baltimore Female College; the Principal of which was Mr. Nathan C. Brooks. It was then in the hands of the Methodist Church; and a large body of Trustees used to come to the examinations. The girls declared that these gentlemen held their Latin and Greek books upside down. This institution was not fashionable, but her father considered it the best. It had two courses, Preparatory and Collegiate. Her older sister won its medal for Greek.

My informant went there for four years and studied no Greek; but Mathematics, French and Latin.

She "finished" at Mrs. Cary's Southern Home School, where Literature and History were a specialty and Graciousness was encouraged as a crowning accomplishment.

About 1880, with her sisters, she established the Mount Vernon School, located next to the Peabody on the east, which maintained the highest standards of preparation for college, and was among the last of the type of girls' schools conducted

by ladies of culture which has been replaced now by the incorporated and endowed school.

Miss Kummer

When President Gilman came to Baltimore, he was greatly surprised to find among the numbers of women educated in the customary way, a little group of four or five young women of wealth and social standing who were enthusiasts in *scientific* studies. He ascribed their attitude to their former teacher, a Miss Kummer, who had conducted a school for young ladies on Mount Vernon Place.

The relations of this circle of young devotees of science to the beginnings of the Hopkins are so important that I add a sketch (obtained with great difficulty) of the antecedents of the gifted woman who inspired their enthusiasm. Miss Sarah Agnes Kummer was born (May 13, 1830) and educated, in the Moravian community at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania;—so famous for the making of Pulaski's Banner, celebrated in song and now preserved in our Historical Society.

Her father was born of a line of Moravian missionaries, and was principal of the Bethlehem Female Seminary from 1836 to 1843, dying in 1846. Her mother was of a Yorkshire Moravian family, nearly all of whom were teachers; — a brother, Joseph Hincheliffe having in England a large boys' school, Thornton House;—and was also, before her marriage, a teacher in "this first American boarding school for girls."

From 1849 to 1852, Agnes (later "Sarah") taught in the Seminary. After several years' experience as governess and in the schools of Mr. Daniels and Mr. Sargeant in Baltimore, she felt able to enter upon her true lifework. She made a trip to Europe, perfecting herself in music and French; and in the fall of 1863 opened the Edgeworth School for Young Ladies (boarding and day), with 31 scholars, and three assistants,—one of them a French lady she brought with her from Paris. For nine years, toward the end in partner-

ship with Mrs. (or Madam) Lefebvre, she conducted a very successful school.

The Circle

A friend who was a classmate of the little circle of students of science above mentioned has given me details:—

She was making good progress in the languages and mathematics when Miss Kummer closed her active connection with the school, intending to start a similar enterprise in Paris. Before she could accomplish this, she was taken ill. She died in Baltimore, in November, 1872.

The group of young women, advanced pupils, cast adrift on their own resources, got up a class in Biology and Science; and invited my informant to join. "My dear!" one of them pleaded, "you ought to join us. It is fascinating. *Yesterday we dissected a rat!*" "When I heard that, I just ran!" said my friend. Their former classmates were scandalized. They were the talk of the town. "*They dissected a rat!*" placed them outside the pale of propriety. Men shrank from them.

In the face of all this they persisted. One of the group wanted to study medicine; but her father, a doctor in high standing, confessed that he did not dare to permit it.

This little pioneer group, in my college days, were the unflagging advocates of woman's advancement to the place she now occupies in business and education. They encouraged the first two women doctors of social standing who settled in the city, but who could not make good. They stood up for the second two, who did make good; thanks largely to the opening of Goucher College. I knew all of these doctors and watched their struggles for a footing. Medical men, as a rule, I think were fair to them,—but believed they had a limited place, if any, in medicine.

There was about this time an effort made to establish a medical school for women here. It assumed and held a tremendously high standard; but it had no endowment. I met

and helped some of the advanced students in their difficult cases in out-practice. They were very brave and self-confident in medical matters; but had at times to call on even very young doctors for aid. I remember helping two of them through a difficulty at the bedside of a dispensary patient in a forlorn district of the city; and about 3 A. M., starting for home. To my astonishment, when our ways parted they positively refused to make their way alone. *They said they were frightened!*

THE CIRCLE AGAIN

Of the pioneer group of young advocates of woman's advancement, several were daughters of Trustees of the Johns Hopkins, whose fathers were in full sympathy with their views. When the University fell into distress, they worked for its relief; and after it had passed through fifteen years of distress and on into despair, one of them, Miss Garrett—daughter of the loyal Civil War president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, played a trump card for women. She completed the sum necessary for the endowment of the medical school of the Hopkins by a *Christmas Gift of nearly half a million dollars;* on condition that women should be taught, not in similar but in identical classes with men throughout the curriculum.

The Trustees held off a little, asking if her gift would in any way infringe the ancient right of Universities to self-government. She replied that there was no limitation intended,—provided that women had *their* rights; and another goal for women of Baltimore was scored.

The Arundel Club has on its walls a tablet to the memory of another member of this pioneer group,—as Founder and First President of the Club.

Several of the group lived to see still another goal for which they had struggled attained,—Woman's Suffrage.

This chapter cannot be more fitly ended than by noting the crowning service of the Methodist Church to the women of

our city in the College with which, on its first centennial anniversary as a church, it consummated its work for Baltimore women,—the institution first called the Woman's College of Baltimore, and now bearing the name of Goucher; in memory of the able Methodist minister (and his devoted wife) who guided it to its present standing among the highest in our Nation.

CHAPTER III

JOHNS HOPKINS, MERCHANT AND DREAMER

MY earliest association with the name of Johns Hopkins is a story told me in my boyhood that a neighbor in Harford County, a devout Quaker, had been in partnership with Johns Hopkins, also a Quaker, and had left the firm because he thought his partner had a too great love for making money. The same charge might probably be made against all builders of great fortunes. Traditions of those who knew Mr. Hopkins well imply that he was a pioneer in that efficiency which is today so much lauded in business circles. I have, however, never heard or read the least aspersion against his strict business integrity. That, outside of the battle for wealth, in which he fought his way against the keenest minds to the very top, he had a kind and generous disposition, is indicated by the thousands of dollars he willed to all his numerous near relatives; and if it be charged that *this* was only to protect his University endowments, by the large sums he left to his *servants* and to colored orphans.

The way in which he donated warehouses in his will and codicils, to his relatives is astonishing to the ordinary citizen. He would give three or four new warehouses in the heart of the wholesale district to a single legatee.

(The charge has often been made against Mr. Hopkins that he left nothing in his will to his relatives, treating them very shabbily. His will in the Peabody Library (within the reach of anyone who cares to know the truth) leaves to some ten or twelve relatives approximately thirty warehouses, six stores and fifty dwelling houses, with fifty thousand dollars in cash;

and to three servants one dwelling house and about ten thousand in cash;—a total of about one million dollars.)

Leaving out of consideration entirely the donation of a University to the city, Mr. Hopkins was still one of the greatest benefactors that Baltimore has produced. Coming, a poor boy, during the War of 1812, from his father's farm in Anne Arundel County (for his grandfather had freed several hundred slaves for religion's sake and the Hopkins boys had to do a large part of the farm work themselves), Johns after a short service in his uncle's grocery store felt such confidence in his own powers that almost without any backing he formed, in 1819, a partnership with the Quaker above mentioned. He must have had commercial genius of a high order, for when his partner left him three years later he took into his firm two younger brothers and soon outdistanced all competitors, winning far and near a reputation for shrewd business insight, daring and integrity. Soon his great Conestoga wagons, each crammed with merchandise sufficient to fill a small warehouse, with their spanking teams and jingling bells were crossing and recrossing the Alleghanies to the new States beyond; and far down the newly accessible valley of Virginia —at that time a paradise through which no "crow needed to carry his rations"—his firm was a household name. In 1838 he sent a load of merchandise weighing four tons to Mt. Vernon, Ohio; a distance of four hundred miles. The wagon brought back three tons and a half of Ohio tobacco. Nothing but one bow on the wagon was damaged on the trip.

From their very infancy, he believed in railroads. When the Baltimore and Ohio met with difficulties in 1857, and its original promoters were unable to help, Johns Hopkins felt strong enough to come to its rescue; and again and again, in the various panics which occurred in those troublous times, placed hundreds of thousands of dollars at its disposal, and saved it from ruin. In Civil War times, he stood by the

Union, and received enormous railroad dividends from carriage of troops and supplies.

In business circles of our city, he pursued the same course, rescuing many struggling firms from distress. Such a position in a growing city is necessarily very remunerative and Mr. Hopkins' bank deposits had to find new investments.

Business Buildings

He seems now to have adopted a definite plan for rebuilding the wholesale district of the city, which had spread over the original Baltimore Town, and was occupying houses built for residences a century before. He bought up property after property in this section, and giving permanent employment to large numbers of workmen, replaced the old wrecks with solid warehouses of plain architecture or with fine modern buildings when demanded. He seems designedly to have put about half of his fortune into the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and half into these warehouses. A codicil had to provide for the continued increase in the number of these warehouses after his will was made.

This real estate, he willed to his Hospital. Some instinct seems to have impelled him to place this benevolence which I suspect was nearest his heart, on a basis which could not be shaken by panic and which possible mismanagement could hardly destroy. Even the Great Fire, which wiped them all from the face of the earth, does not seem to have hurt the Hospital income seriously.

In the railroad which he had so often rescued, Mr. Hopkins had the most implicit confidence, charging his Trustees not to sell their interest in it;—even though his holdings were largely common stock. The crash came in 1896; and only the able receivership of Mr. Cowen saved anything. I believe that if Mr. Hopkins had lived there might have been no receivership at all. Mr. Cowen publicly stated that when he took it in charge the road (with good management) was a splendid property; and he soon had it making good earnings.

Having long before enlisted earnestly in the advancement of the city's interest, it was perfectly natural for Mr. Hopkins to listen attentively to the pleas of progressive Baltimore physicians for an endowment that would bring its medical and surgical equipment abreast of the business facilities he had provided. Henceforth he devoted himself to the new University with the same energy that had made him successful along commercial lines.

The Great Idea

As I have found little published on the inception of this great enterprise, I am compelled to submit to the reader such sidelights as I have been able to gather from those who knew Mr. Hopkins, and their descendants.

His city home was in the old building on the east side of the beautiful colonial rectory of St. Paul's church, now the home of the Royal Arcanum. His country residence was on the Harford Road, in what is now the mansion house of Clifton Park. A tradition of my family tells that as my father, Dr. Thomas E. Bond, hurrying back from the city to his home in Harford County passed with his fast trotters the buggy of the old capitalist, he had many conversations with him. On several occasions Mr. Hopkins asked him to stop for lunch; and they had long and earnest talks on the need of Baltimore for up-to-date medical facilities.

I do not suppose that Dr. Bond was the only physician who urged this upon Mr. Hopkins; for among the Trustees to whom originally the execution of his great design was committed was Dr. Fonerden, a physician prominent in the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty, a staunch friend of its library, a promoter of many benevolent movements in the city. He had been a colleague of Dr. Bond in the faculty of the Washington University Medical School, which occupied the building on Broadway later known as the Church Home. Dr. Alan P. Smith, also, a surgeon of worldwide fame and a popular

family physician, was on this board of trustees. There is a tradition in the Maryland Academy of Sciences that at a noonday lunch in its old building on Mulberry Street, Johns Hopkins discussed and finally decided upon his great endowment. I have been fortunate enough to find a little sketch of Mr. Hopkins' plans published in 1871, two years before his death and evidently issued under his authority or that of his trustees:—

Four years before this, in 1867, he had secured an Incorporation, "For the Promotion of Education in the State of Maryland". Dr. Fonerden had died in 1869, leaving the way free for changes of administration of the old Hospital on Broadway where vaccination had been pioneered and where the wounded in the Battle of Baltimore had been received.

With the return of Dr. Richard Sprigg Steuart, a progressive alienist, to its administration, a plan was made for the removal of the inmates to the suburbs. Not waiting for this removal, Mr. Hopkins had, in 1870 bought the old buildings and the grounds, realizing the value of this eminence, famous in the defence of the city; and he was now "awaiting with anxiety the arrival of the time when he may regard the admirable site which he had selected for his hospital as secured to its public uses by proper legislation, in order that he may see that work completed during his life. . . . " "The corporation bearing his name, which he intends shall administer this great charity, has been fully organized, and. . . . the trustees. . . . will be enabled to commence buildings which will be a splendid and enduring monument to their Founder; and will prove an incalculable blessing to the poor of the community in which they will be located."

At this time, "He has full confidence in the permanent value of the stock itself (common stock of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad) and has, it is believed, set apart the whole fund for the establishment and support of a University to be located upon his fine estate (of four hundred acres) at Clifton." "This estate at Clifton will afford ample room, not only for

the accommodation of the professors and students attached to the University; but also space for the establishment of a Botanical and Agricultural school upon an extended scale. The buildings of the University will be surrounded by pleasure grounds....''

To one brought up on the story of old King David and his preparation for the great Temple; there is something facinating in this similar picture of the old Baltimore merchant, who started a poor boy from the country, planning at seventy-six years the erection of a great institution which should be a living memorial of his interest in the city which he had helped to become great.

Between his own fine homestead with its University and Agricultural School (a pleasure ground of beautiful trees and flowers gathered from all parts of the earth, surrounded by professors' cottages) he plans, as a surviving friend of his tells me, a broad shady boulevard to the Hospital on Loudenslager's Hill;—an educational Pennsylvania Avenue unique in the history of the world. Impatiently he throws his energy against the slow moving legislature at Annapolis; hoping himself to see his great Dream a living reality. Unaware of danger to his investments almost the last act of his life is to pour nearly a million dollars into the draining coffers of the railroad.

The financial difficulties into which the great Trust came; and the successful efforts of the City and the citizens to rescue this great educational institution do not belong to this story. The attitude of the Trustees at the time of my admission to the classes of the University, is however worth presenting. In the First Annual Report it is stated that:—''They also decided to postpone the construction of buildings at Clifton (the prospective site of the University) and to provide the requisite class rooms . . . in the heart of the city . . . The Trustees have not forgotten the importance of develop-

ing the Clifton site with reference to the purposes to which it will be devoted....''

That the Trustees did not carry out in all its details the plan of its Founder is not under criticism anywhere in this book. They were wise and able men, and I believe built better than Mr. Hopkins could have done, informing themselves as to the greater educational needs of the day. I confess, however, being somewhat of a dreamer myself, that I regret the failure of his great University Boulevard to materialize, as he saw it in his Dream.

CHAPTER IV

AT THE HOPKINS

IN the Fall of 1876, learning from the authorities of the new institution, which had at first refused me as under age, that I could enter its Collegiate Department with conditions in Mathematics; I entered upon its classical and mathematical courses, being the second undergraduate examined for admission. It was here that I first made acquaintance with the word "tentative." Everything about the University was tentative. There had been nothing tentative about Mr. Carey's school, (the rival of Dr. Atkinson's for the title of best Boys' School in Baltimore), where I had gotten my classical and mathematical equipment. I can still hear the patient "Cra-w-l On, Gentlemen!" with which that veteran educator was wont to stimulate his class to greater exertions. From Mr. Carey's, after a winter of special coaching and health-building in my Harford County home, I had taken the Princeton examinations; and passed without conditions there. I mention this to show the relative standards of the Princeton and Baltimore Colleges.

The only impression that I retain of my examinations in Princeton, was the shock I experienced on hearing the reverend philosopher then at its head referred to in public by its junior staff of teachers as "Jimmy." There was nothing in President Gilman's character that suggested such familiarity.

My mathematical conditions of the Hopkins gave me no special trouble. Having as yet no definite aim in life, I took a "minor" in Physics. I learned to cut imaginary cones into imaginary planes of circles, ellipses, parabolas and hyperbolas; and to measure them upside down and downside up, with imaginary measuring rods. I think that I was also introduced to the delights of measuring the empty spaces which

imaginary things would fill if they were there, which they were *not*. I got very clever in these gymnastics of the imagination, being of a poetical temperament (has not Sylvester said that Mathematics *is* Poetry) but when it came, in Physics, to the actual measurement of a standard rod, I always fell down on the job,—never coming out without grave error. They told me (for comfort) that Error is not a haphazard thing. (Has not one of our poets also told us that "Chances have laws as fixed as Planets have"). They assured me that in Physics every worker, however expert, has his own particular way of doing things wrong; one always making a measure too big and another always too little. The too-big man never measures things skimp and the too-little man never turns in a measure in excess. There were, they said, international lists of these Bulls and Bears of Physics; and whenever one of them published a report, readers added or subtracted a certain percentage to his figures. Outside of this important lesson (which universally taught and applied would change the history of civilization), I do not recollect that I learned anything of value from Physics.

Algebra, I always look upon with respect; for, years afterward, when my baby was ordered by the specialist a certain strength of milk made up with cream of a certain fat content; having failed to cipher out by Arithmetic how much cream to add to each bottle, I betook myself to Algebra and, with two equations of X and Y, easily found the answer.

The instructor in Physics, Dr. Hastings, had a seraphic smile which appeared only when one of his pupils at the blackboard was heading for a fall. When we saw it break out over his face, we sure knew that Trouble was waiting for us round the corner. He was the only teacher I ever had who defamed Spelling. He said he had wasted endless hours learning spelling, which now-a-days he left entirely to the proof-reader, as beneath his own notice.

He was very expert in lens-grinding and made the fine lens of the telescope in our Academy of Sciences on Franklin Street.

It was at his Physics class that I first heard a phonograph. One day he brought in a machine which he said had been made for him in a little shop on Eutaw Street, where an expert mechanic was employed in making models of inventions such as Professor Rowland's spectrum gratings and things needed for demonstrations. He set the machine a-going and it related to us the tragic story of Jack and Jill,—ending with "Jill came tumbling after *him*". "I know," said Dr. Hastings, "that the apprentice boy spoke that record; for that is the way he always recites it."

I was a fair Latin scholar, thanks to the training of Mr. Carey's school and the private tutoring of Professor Baird, the principal of the Belair Academy (once a University); and very much enjoyed Latin under Professor Morris, the Hopkins Collegiate Professor. He was what the girls would call "a Dear." I believe we all loved him for his humanness, as well as admired him for his talents as a teacher. He was innately modest, and at certain passages of Horace would break in with "We won't read that! The dirty fellow!" It was rumored that in a neighboring girls' school no such skips were permitted. Professor Morris, like Mr. Carey, felt very much the tedium of our frequent class examinations. He had English side whiskers (he had been a Fellow in Oriel, Oxford), and would walk back and forth muttering "Oh dear! Dear!"—making us feel that he was one of us. In these walks, he would pull at his whiskers; which kept one side shorter than the other. Once I joined him on Howard Street, and wondering at the little dog that accompanied him, of the type of Clematis in *Seventeen,* I asked him why he had a dog like that. "Oh," he answered, "somehow the poor thing got dependent on me, and I didn't have the heart to drive him away!"

He would translate long passages from the fathers of the Church, and make us turn them back into Latin. Toward the end of my studies under him, he told us he was obliged to adopt a new method of Latin pronunciation, recently discovered to be *the* correct method; but when he tried it on the name of the chief god, he said he would have to make *that* an exception; he really could not call him "Juice." This was the third method of Latin pronunciation that I had been taught, resulting in a delightful arabesque of sounds whenever I attempt a quotation.

Deciding to prepare for the Hopkins Medical School, shortly to be opened, I left the Classics, and turned to Chemistry and Biology.

In chemistry, my work lay largely in the well-equipped laboratory under Dr. Morse, a practical man, whose life was in his tubes and retorts; left-handed, seeming to lift a brake from his speech when he began to talk; deliberate, kindly, tremendously accurate, very much trusted by the laboratory workers. I don't think he had much respect for my talents as an analytical chemist. The minute bits of minerals which, toward the end of my course, I was required to analyse, I could never analyse quite correctly. I would work four or five hours a day for five days over a fragment of mineral the size of a grain of wheat,—testing, now for this element, now for that, heating it most carefully in the platinum crucible, weighing it most conscientiously in the exquisite balances provided; and when I presented the results, he would say, "We must try again next week! You have missed something!"

When I left that laboratory at graduation, patience under failure was part of my nature; which has stood by me in many a trouble since.

Professor Remsen I met chiefly at stated lectures on Organic Chemistry,—his reputation having been made by his work on the structure of the chemical molecule. In his lectures, he led us into the mysteries of chemical affinities and

chain-building. He was known intimately only to his special students;; but I respected him for his honesty, and simple truthfulness. "Gentlemen," he would say at the blackboard, "I had that formula and reaction exact in my mind when I started to class, but I have forgotten it! I'll give it to you at my next lecture!" I don't remember that Dr. Morse ever forgot *anything* at the board. We understood, however, that Dr. Remsen in his private laboratory was engaged upon tremendously abstruse investigations. (There Saccharin was synthesized under his direction from which a mercenary chemist would have reaped a fortune). It was said that Dr. Remsen had been quite an artist in his younger days. When President Gilman, in 1900, resigned his office and retired, full of honors, from the great enterprise wihch he had safely conducted through almost unequalled difficulties, Remsen the Chymic Dreamer, was the only person considered competent to fill the breach until a new President should be appointed. With characteristic modesty, he promised to do his best. His reward was to see the University under his leadership enter upon its fine location at Homewood with a tribute from well-wishers in Baltimore of nearly four million dollars.

I always lifted my hat when I met Dr. Remsen on the street; and he always in turn lifted his to me; with a puzzled look;—he never could realize that he was a great man!

When I graduated from the Hopkins, I had not quite completed the assigned work in the chemical laboratory, my presentation of one more "minor" than was necessary for graduation being considered more than sufficient to make up the deficit. At the first opportunity after beginning practice of medicine, I asked permission of Professor Remsen to work out the deficit in the laboratory. I think this pleased him very much. Under the guidance of Dr. Morse, I began to work on analysis for sugar. Dr. Morse lent me some of his sugar crystals, on condition that I would make up an equal quantity for him before I left. Fate pursued me, and I could not get my sugar mixture to yield any crystals for me. Dr.

Morse came to my rescue, but it would not crystallize for him, either. For about two months, in intervals of my analytical work, we labored over the sugar mixture but not a crystal could we get. Finally, he said, "Doctor Bond, we are closing the laboratory for the summer; suppose you put it in the cupboard and maybe by fall it will have crystallized." I said, "All right, Sir!" and slipped it into the waste jar. I had learned that in the case of crystals, the unalterable Laws of Science cannot be depended on. Hemmeter says they don't apply *at all* in the sphere of medicine. (I may say, *passim*, that the great Pasteur believed that in these crystals of vegetable origin may lie the secret of the difference between lifeless and living matter).

In the Hopkins Biological laboratory, I did fairly well. I did not like to "pith" frogs, even if it was fun to see them scratch without a brain; and the dissecting of shell-fish was so objectionable that I have never since been able to enjoy eating an oyster. Rats' interiors did not attract me. It was a shock to me to see the laboratory boy, an ardent biologist, making and examining with the microscope sections of his own eye which had recently been enucleated. I must confess, though, to the tremendous fascination of watching and following the development of living things from their tiny first cells, and peering into the unsolved mysteries of the beginnings of being.

Professor Brooks was to me just a laboratory director—hardly a memory today. Professor Martin had a fascination for his students. He had a poor delivery; but the most intelligent blue eyes I have ever seen, and when he was stirred up over some scientific recital they fairly danced with excitement.

The choice of Professors Martin and Brooks for the charge of instruction in these branches caused a great deal of distrust of the University in church circles, especially of the First Presbyterian Church where I was growing up, as it was rumored that, though able workers, they were both atheists.

Dr. Martin was a favorite pupil of Huxley, and had absorbed fully the beliefs and unbeliefs of that eminent teacher.

Toward the end of my four years at the Hopkins, women students gave Professor Brooks much discomfort. Somehow, several of them forced their way into the laboratory, which had not been designed for coeducation. The men students did not like to have them around; and occasionally one of them would approach Professor Brooks with questions coming up in their work, concerning sex, which, being excessively modest, it distressed him greatly to answer. I think that after a year or so the privilege of working there was withdrawn, much to his relief.

One of the features of examinations at this date in the Biological department was the presence at the examination (I suppose, to emphasize its impartiality) of a medical teacher unconnected with the University. At one of my examinations, Dr. Latimer was present. It was very alarming to a timid pupil, and probably confused some really well-informed students.

I had of course read a good deal about the delights and advantages of Logic; and when a class in this was formed, I joined it. About the third lesson, however, we propounded to ourselves a problem so tangled up that we could not straighten it out. It seemed to me that this sort of thing was a waste of time, and I quit.

There was also a class in elocution. The teacher was a jolly little man who said "C . . U . . O . . " in the most delightful way. I resonated, to his satisfaction "The splendor falls on castle walls"; but when I attempted "What a good thing is fun! I have not much of it myself but I *do* like it in others!" he clapped his hands on his stomach and seemed in severe pain. I was a very serious-minded young man. I suppose that this class was one of the "tentative" classes of that early period. In my later years, I have many times failed in debate of medical and other matters to impress my views on

the audience, simply from lack of loudness of voice, which under proper training could have been developed.

About this time I joined my fellow-students in a petition to the Faculty for some sort of a gymnasium; but we were told that there was no money for such improvements; and we were advised to go down town to the city gymnasiums.

Little of the romantic hovered round the halls of my Alma Mater. They are there today, if anyone cares to look at them, —two old dwellings with high mansard roofs fronting on Howard Street, and the two new laboratory buildings in the rear; with the (later) Physics Building across Little Ross Street. (I hope that, before the final change to business uses, a fitting *memorial* will have been set up there of the birth of the great Institution; a Mecca to educators and students for all time to come).

Perhaps a poet might have found romance in the high brick wall beyond Howard Street, where woman walked still in sheltered mediæval paths;—woman, to this day the great Unknown Quantity in the equation of Civic Life; the Force that, leaving its shelter, is yet to make or wreck our American civilization!

There was in one of these buildings, Hopkins Hall, a room for public gatherings, about the size of the ordinary church lecture room. Here morning prayers were read by President Gilman, or in his absence Professor Morris. This little room was freely opened on every possible occasion to the cultured element of Baltimore society. There I came once, uninvited, upon a reading to the Trustees, the Faculty, and their friends, by Judge Dobbin, of "the Rose and the Ring," with Thackaray's queer illustrations thrown upon a screen. There, on another occasion, I heard the ruddy Professor Francis J. Child lecture on English literature. I remember his rendering of English as Shakespeare spoke it, "Ol the Woorld's a Staàzhe; an ol the mane and oomen merely Plyérs."

Sylvester

The delight of us students, however, was the rare reading of a paper by old Professor Sylvester. The great bald dome rising out of an abundant halo of gray hair, which stood out about its equator like the rings on Saturn, the impetuous delivery, that magnetism which attends "the gentleness of greatness," and the delicious confusion of manuscript which was almost certain to occur before he got through, were irresistible. There might be other geniuses in that able Faculty, like Rowland (did he not on one occasion when asked in a court, who was the leading Physicist in the world, quietly, and we may believe truthfully answer, "I am"); but Sylvester was the student's pet and particular genius. They drew the most absurd caricatures of his incredible head; and he enjoyed them and showed them to his friends. They told all sorts of stories, some of them of the many-wintered chestnut variety, about his absence of mind. They mourned his departure from Baltimore; and would ever stand rapt before his fine red-robed portrait in McCoy Hall.

Professor Sylvester (a fancy name assumed on emigration), was an English Jew, born in 1814 (as Blondheim tells us), who showed in youth unusual talent for mathematics; and came to the University of Virginia before the Civil War as a teacher in that department. While there, he aroused the hatred of some of the older students by his open criticism of the "domestic institution" of Slavery. Two of them declared that they would "get" the "semi-idiotic calculating boy" at the first opportunity. Sylvester bought a sword cane. One day they attacked him, struck him on the head with a club, and were proceeding to "put him out of commission" when he threw off the cane and drove its concealed sword into the assailant just over the heart. The fellow fell back crying that he was killed, and Sylvester escaped to New York and was home in London before he learned that his sword-point had hit a rib and done no harm.

In London, he studied Law and was admitted to the bar. There he made friends with another lawyer, named Cayley. Both of them drifted permanently into mathematics. Some years later, the world awoke to the fact that Cayley and Sylvester were its greatest mathematicians. Cayley said Sylvester was the only one who could thoroughly understand *him;* and Sylvester said that Cayley was the only one who could thoroughly understand *him.* Sylvester was professor for fifteen years in the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich; where he was retired at the age of fifty-five. Then the invitation came to visit the new America created by the Civil War; and help the great Greek teacher Gildersleeve to set the tone of Baltimore's new University.

He is said, even in his old age, to have been very peppery, (an elderly colored servant in his boarding house here described him as the cussinest old professor he had ever waited on); but there was a rare strain of youth and poesy in his nature.

Did not he and Simon Newcomer, the Astronomer, decide after a long discussion that mathematics *is* poetry? And did not Sylvester construct long poems on mathematical principles for the benefit of friends in the Hopkins? One of these consisted of four hundred lines, all ending in "—ind." Their subject was Maidenhood Unindovined. It closed with the verse:

> Rose smells sweet, and soft spells *lind,*
> Soft, smooth, sweet spell Rosalind.

His idea in this *Study in Monochrome* was that the constant repetition of the same sound, like playing pieces on a single violin string, gave the same delicious feeling as the lapping of waves on the seashore.

He termed poetry "Phonetic Syzygy." This definition quite captivated the poet-musician, Sidney Lanier (whom I saw only at a distance in his lectures, but whose befriending in his poverty and obscurity by the Turnbulls is now one of

the most beautiful traditions among Baltimore's "old families").

Absent-mindedness was exalted into a virtue by the example of the old Professor of Mathematics. One story about him, I know to be true. Living at the Mount Vernon Hotel, one door from Mt. Vernon Place, he was found wandering there, like Joseph at Shechem, by a fellow-professor to whom he confided that for an hour or more he had been wandering, going round and round the monument searching for the hotel.

Once, the students alleged, he was found by a policeman who did not know him, beside the Convent wall gazing rapt into the sky. "You must move on! You can't stand here!" "Sh!" softly, with hand on the lips, was all the reply offered. The Professor was thinking!

Two graduate students, Royce and Halsted, attended a little society formed at one time among the students. Both of them were members of Sylvester's lecture class in Mathematics. He punctuated his discourse, they told us, with questions:—"Is that clear to you, gentlemen?" "Have I made that point plain?" and at first they would answer that they understood or did not understand him. Later it dawned on them that these questions were mere rhetorical ornaments to his delivery, and that their answers confused him; that he was not in the least concerned whether they understood him or not. He was thinking aloud; and if they could not follow him he could not stop to teach them.

When about to enunciate a remarkable proposition in class, he would draw himself up until he stood on the very tips of his toes, and in deep tones thunder out his sentences. He would outline his lecture course for the season, and perhaps in the first lecture would go off on a side line, never returning to his original subject all winter.

One of the rarely gifted who could follow Sylvester's flights was a woman, Miss Ladd, who was one of the few who gained admission to the University in those early years. Miss Ladd

showed such remarkable ability in Mathematics that she became a Fellow by Courtesy, and won her Ph. D.

After founding at the Hopkins the first Mathematical Journal in the United States, Sylvester, in 1883, accepted a call to Oxford. He died in England;—"one of the Giants of the Victorian Era."

Gilman

President Gilman faced the problems of the Hopkins in a way that completely won my admiration. A graduate of Yale, and assisting in the organization of the Sheffield School there; a man of broad interest and great tact who did not seem to fit into any of the specialties; he had won attention by a brief administration as President of the University of California. We students had an idea that history was his forte, and there is some confirmation of this in his advice to a student, "read Biography!" Almost from the beginning, he was handicapped in his administration of the Hopkins by want of means; and the addresses I heard from him were largely appeals for money from anyone who could give it.

The method pursued by the inexperienced Trustees in finding a President is interesting. They wrote to four leading men in every large city,—a lawyer, a minister, a merchant, and a professor,—and asked each correspondent to name some one whom he considered suitable for President of the new university. When the same person was named by several correspondents, they gave special consideration to *his* qualifications.

President Gilman was a man of pronounced religious beliefs, and wanted to teach a Bible class in the First Presbyterian Church, but they feared he would teach infidelity, and refused his offer. This did not interfere with his regular attendance there for several years. Realizing that the appointment of Martin and Brooks, though they were able workers, had given an atheistic reputation to the University in local church circles, he established morning prayers (there was no

Dean as yet); and in every way took his stand as a Christian. The influence of Mr. Moody's revival meetings was very strong on young minds at that time, and curious to relate, old Professor Sylvester is said to have sat on the revival platform (probably in the First Presbyterian Church), and joined in the singing!

Professor Remsen, also, took occasion in his lectures to say to us that no one need be alarmed lest chemistry's advances should detract from the mystery of life; they only added to the mystery.

President Gilman, like Sylvester, took kindly the caricatures which the students got off on him. His reassuring smile when he spoke to us was a great point of attack. He even bore patiently the account of a fake baseball game which appeared in the students' paper. The Professor of Psychology (or was it Logic) was sending in twisters to a specialist at the bat, when one of them, more than usually speedy, escaped the bat and took the catcher (Gilman) in the pit of the stomach, knocking all the wind out of him. They laid him out on the grass and spent half an hour trying to revive him. Finally, the umpire called "time." "It will take him," said the umpire, "so long to get all *his* wind back, that if we wait for him we can never finish the game!"

President Gilman became a real Baltimorean; and took open interest in the movements for civic improvement which were on, at that time. I remember particularly a "Union for Public Good" gotten up by a young enthusiast; which was to bring together all the agencies working for uplift of our citizens. I was on a committee with the editor of the Labor Union paper and had several meetings with him and members of the Union, concerning the conditions of Child Labor in Baltimore. Dr. Gilman (together with the Unitarian minister and others) attended the meeting called for organization of the Union for Public Good, but did not go farther. I asked him afterwards, why? He said he distrusted the leadership of the young man getting it up, as he knew others of his family.

To the students, the President was like an older brother; always helpful; always wonderfully approachable. In fact, as I look back to those "tentative" days, it seems to me as if we were all, from the President down, just a big family of students together; every one busy and ready to help his neighbor. There were examinations, but no published marks. I know I passed; but how I stood in the class, I have never heard. Twelve of us entered in 1876, and twelve graduated in 1880. I have the diploma, B. A., somewhere. It was delayed, perhaps as much as a year "because they did not know whether to put it in Latin or English."

Whatever the value of University education for business life afterwards; I am sure, looking back fifty years, that to my careful religious training, my studies at the University added a breadth of view, an eagerness for the Absolute Truth, a fearlessness in seeking it and a confidence in its ultimate triumph which justify the Scripture quoted in part as the Hopkins motto:—"If ye continue in my word, ye shall know the Truth; and the Truth shall make you free." It is worth a great deal to be *freed by the Truth!*

CHAPTER V

AT THE OLD MEDICAL SCHOOL

GRADUATING in 1880 as Bachelor of Arts from the course preparatory to the Johns Hopkins Medical School, I learned that there was no such school ready to receive me; and that though there was hope of its opening in any future year, there was no use in counting on this. The failure in plans was not, as commonly believed, due to inability of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad to pay the expected interest on its stock; but to some other cause unknown to me. The Medical School was not to be on the Hospital foundation, but on that of the University.

I was thus left high and dry through no fault of my own, and turned to the old University of Maryland School of Medicine for my professional education.

At this period this historic school was marking time, eager to make changes required by the advance of civilization; but unable to initiate anything new, because certain aged professors, protected by the Charter, held on to their chairs, yet would not join in any development requiring a dip into their own pockets for money to pay for the improvements. For a decade or two, the younger and more alert members of the Faculty, unable to displace these estimable old gentlemen, waited and prayed for something that would compel them to let go. As soon as this happened, the Faculty rushed up-to-date improvements and placed the Old School among progressive institutions.

My attendance on the Medical courses fell within this distressful period; and I had to take up a curriculum for which I was utterly unprepared. My Hopkins training only increased my handicap, in some lines.

Instruction at the Old School following still the ancient custom was largely by didactic lectures. The course was for two years, and the lectures of the first year were repeated in the second. A professor might write out for himself a course of lectures when he entered upon his chair, and read them year by year to his classes in the great amphiteatre class-room for the rest of his life; with such little additions and corrections as occurred to him as the years rolled by. The second year students knew all the anecdotes and rhetorical flourishes and climaxes of eloquence by heart, having applauded them the winter before. Professor Howard was particularly given to poetic flights. There was one about "feeling the pulse of the morning dew" which he declaimed with so much feeling that the class, even when they were expecting it, drowned the next sentences with wild applause;—which always pleased him very much.

Some of the professors lectured without notes and held the attention of their pupils, as well as the hard wooden ledges on which they sat would permit; but there was almost no progression even here—the same subject and much the same language.

In palliation of this out-of-date curriculum, it is only fair to state that in old times the student was expected *to educate himself* in medicine and the school simply *helped him to do so* by offering certain suggestions as to method, and putting him into a professional atmosphere. How great an advance even this was upon the ages that preceded it, one may learn from Paget's delightful Life of Ambroise Paré, where, at four in the morning, the Paris medical professors lectured in Latin to classes who understood nothing but French;—the honor of the University forbidding its instructors to teach in the language of ordinary people. Yet Paré became "Chief of all Surgeons" to five successive Kings of France.

From the University of Maryland there graduated every year many able young men who got their bearings from the lectures; drilled on the essentials in the Quiz Classes; and

either completed their training in the field of family practice, or went abroad to the centers of Europe for post-graduate work.

The clinics of the professors, also, were faithfully attended, and though at the beginning of the term an observer had occasionally to be laid down on the bench to recover his nerve, the class found themselves after graduation able to repeat very successfully the operations they had seen performed by their teachers, especially as the latter were always willing to be present at and even act as assistants in the first operations of their favorite pupils. The clinics also were well supplied with medical cases from the dispensary, and the graduate, especially if he acted as dispensary assistant, had a very fair knowledge of the treatment needed in ordinary cases of illness. The professors received a thousand dollars or so from student fees, if there were no improvements of property or equipment to eat these up; and were further remunerated by consultations asked by the graduates in after years.

As the professors (the equal as a whole of any body of men in America) were engaged in treating the sick in office and home, the lectures were intensely practical. In their clinics they were the big brothers of the students, even enjoying little jokes at their expense. I remember the amusement that the military Chisolm got out of the diagnoses that I, with others, made on the glass eye of a patient sent up from the dispensary.

I suppose that nearly every one of the out-of-town first year students had for a year or more been under a "preceptor" at home,—a local practitioner whose office he frequented, whose books he read, and with whom he drove from house to house assisting him in operations. When these young men came to medical college, they came to work hard; for their own savings and the savings of their parents must not be wasted.

The Old School provided for Maryland, the States south of her and a large district east of the Mississippl the only medical relief they had. Students said that west of the Allegha-

nies where they came from, not one doctor in ten had a diploma. Of course this may not have been true, literally; for in those parts a young man could buy a diploma for thirty dollars and set up an office on his nerve,—acquiring such facility as he was capable of, by daily practice. The art of medicine is after all only trained common sense. *With* common sense, a self trained man may in time become a fairly good physician; *without* common sense, the more highly trained a man is, the worse may be his treatment of the sick; especially if he adds laziness and a swelled head.

The common sense of the public and of the less pretentious graduate physician has down the ages safeguarded the profession against the false theories and fads of great teachers.

Many of my first year classmates had been in business as salemen or drug clerks and knew pretty well the life for which they were preparing themselves. I did not know! Anticipating an easy ascent in the Hopkins Medical School to a position as a specialist or consultant, with high endorsement from the start, in practice, I had secured no preceptor, and no preliminary practical experience. One such bit of experience, I *did* have in a summer vacation of the Hopkins curriculum. An aggressive graduate of the University of Maryland, named Gorsuch, settled near my Harford County home. The "Squire," or local magistrate had cancer of the lip. The surgeon asked me to assist, as I was talking about going to medical school soon. He had another like medical aspirant, also, helping him;—named Finney, I think. Such an operation on an advanced case in those days when trained nurses were unknown was not nice. Finney and I stood our ground, though, taking turns with our heads out the window for air; and I felt I had proved my fitness for the profession of my forefathers.

The first view I had of my class at the Old School made my heart sink. The great amphitheatre had not stood the wear and tear of a century as well as the majestic pillared portico by which we had entered. There is never as much neatness

in the housekeeping of men as of women. Save for a remarkable drawing in crayon on the wall opposite the entrance of Anatomical Hall, of Raphael's St. Michael and the Devil (drawn there in 1835 by a student, Fred Butler, who got the janitor to shut him in from Friday to Monday for the purpose) there were no decorations to relieve the general bareness. It was not only the long semicircular wooden ledge on which we were to sit,—but the students! Coming in strangers from remote country districts, and intent on economy, the boys wore their oldest clothes in class. The very oldest clothes of a country youth, with a certain amount of negligeé added, do not brighten up a room or give it style. I said to myself, "Are these the sort of men I am to make my life-work among?" Later, I came to know and respect them, and I remember that at graduation, in their dress suits, hired, I suppose for the occasion, they were as fine a company as one would want to see!

In the distribution of the students informally among the members of the Faculty for general supervision, I was more directly attached to an old family friend, Professor Samuel Claggett Chew. The son of an equally distinguished professor in the Old School, (whom my father once found *enjoying* a *Latin* novel) he taught therapeutics; a cultured gentleman, President of the Board of Trustees of the Peabody; illustrating his unwritten impressive discourse by occasional references to "the Immortal Bard," for he was a great lover of Shakespeare. A scion of the colonial Southern Maryland Quaker stock which gave to Pennsylvania her greatest jurists, he represented dignity and culture in the Faculty. I don't believe the use of remedies in sickness could have been taught better from his chair. He was among the ablest practitioners in the country, and always a devout Christian of unblemished walk before men. The students told me that he had one fault, due I suppose to his Quaker ancestry,—he would not fight for his students in the Faculty meetings (in the matter of prizes, hospital appointments, etc., on graduation). "Howard," they said, "will fight for *his* students to the last ditch."

Howard

Professor Wm. T. Howard, whose chair of Gynecology and Pediatrics was the first ever established in the United States, impressed me as a very able general physician. He affected roughness, but had a kind heart. His lectures were alleviated by anecdotes of his early diligence (more or less fabricated, I suspected). At the old almshouse, while the other resident doctors were skylarking and roystering, *he* was searching deeply into medical literature, burning the midnight oil. That was how *he* attained to his position as their teacher! In examinations, all oral, he would check a student,—" I don't want to know what the books say! What did *I* tell you?" He told us one story which greatly impressed me:—He had graduated just at the time when the revelations of Laennec reached America, and was full to the finger tips of auscultation lore,—percussion, rales, rhonchi, souffles, the *bruit de diable,* and the like. He located in a town of North Carolina and presently had a child to treat, ill with pneumonia. He made a fine analytical study of all the "signs and symptoms," and having a memory for details prescribed the drugs his professors had told him to give in such cases; but the little child got worse. He felt sure it would die. The family became alarmed. "Would Dr. Howard mind if old doctor M———came in as a consultant?" He knew the old doctor did not know a thing about auscultation or modern medical advances, but the child would die anyhow; so he consented. Old Doctor M———arrived, inspected the patient, retired for private consultation: "What do you think, Doctor?" "It's a desperate case, Dr. Howard! Desperate! I think the child will die. There is only one chance for life. Stop all your medicines, and *throw the windows open! Give him air!*" That child got well, quickly!

The medical courses of fifty years ago were ill-equipped,—but stories like that stuck in students' minds; and the men who told them were not failures in the lecture rostrum.

Dr. Howard believed in calomel. "When you see a remedy, Gentlemen, coming down the ages, rejected, then again trusted; *there is value in it.*"

As an operator, he did the best he could. He helped Dr. Wilson to found the Hospital for Women,—a place where ladies were treated like ladies, even in operations. His great delight was in having "my friend, Dr. T. Addis Emmett" come on from New York and operate before the class.

As a subject for flattery, Dr. Howard was royal: (Did not Disraeli say of Queen Victoria, "with ordinary people you may rub flattery on with your hands; but with Royalty, one must spread it on with a trowel"). Certainly the good doctor liked appreciation of his virtues. He never tired of telling his class at clinics how out of his own pocket he had put in the great window of the operating room. At my graduation, I was in a small group waiting in much anxiety to go in to the Green Room for Dr. Howard's oral examination. We were to go in two by two. "Don't be nervous, Bond;" said my companion, "Watch *me* handle the old man." He told Dr. Howard that his lectures were by all odds the best he had sat under in the college. He had made copious notes of them which would be the basis of his future practice. He would remember all the wise advice and the wonderful prescriptions which the doctor had given. Under such an Ajax-shield, little Teucer also came through safely.

In those days if a student persisted in coming up for graduation a sufficient number of years, undismayed by failure, he always passed. The Faculty got tired of seeing him around and graduated him to get rid of him. (Other teachers have done the same!).

Professor Miltenberger taught obstetrics. Most patiently and clearly he explained each detail; yet I graduated without ever seeing a real case, and had to care for such cases alone and without a trained nurse's help!

Dr. McSherry was Professor of Medicine and the leading consultant of the city, a man of highest ethical tone and a

vivid lectures. "Gentlemen," I remember him saying, "you know we had a fatal epidemic of Typhus Fever in this city some years ago. Our hospital was so crowded with these patients that we had to put some in tents in the yard. Every one put into the tents recovered." I called him into consultation later in a case of very severe tonsillitis. He told me he did not know whether it was Diphtheria or not. We know nothing of diphtheria germs or antitoxin then.

It was a strong Faculty, mostly able men who knew how to appeal to their pupils. And the pupils who were in earnest added "quiz classes" to their weekly routine. Either form about among themselves, or under a recent graduate, these circles reviewed week by week the themes of the lectures and drilled in the essentials of actual practice.

Pupilocks

One old Professor had his own quiz class. You paid him five dollars for his quiz and ensured your graduation as far as Chemistry was concerned. Though only seventy-three years of age, he was very defective in sight and hearing, and steadily opposed all improvements. A very eminent teacher in his prime, his classes were now a subject of ridicule among the students. His lectures (on a subject not directly essential to medical practice) were the only ones I ever attended where the classes were locked in to prevent their escape during the lecture. The students' single aim in this course was to graduate, and this had been made certain by joining the professor's quiz. A student seated on or near the steps down into the deep amphitheatre, becoming weary, would throw the cushion, with which he softened the hard wooden ledge, up the steps a little way. Then, when the professor's back was turned, would run up to the cushion, amid the applause of the class. The professor, much puzzled, but seeing all quietly seated would continue his lecture or experiment. When another opportunity offered, the student would accomplish

another stage toward the exit amid increased applause; the Professor still more puzzled. Finally, after three or four ascents, the student and his cushion would flee out the door, amid applause that could be heard a block away. This exodus continued spasmodically throughout the lectures, until the janitor by his orders got a padlock and fastened his class in.

The final examination in chemistry almost proved my Waterloo. On the strength of my "major course" in the laboratory of the Hopkins, I thought I might safely neglect to join the Professor's quiz. I appeared before him in the Green Room for final examination, and the first question he asked me was, "What is Phlogiston?" I did not know what it was, as the chemical theory with which it was associated had been exploded a hundred years before. I felt that I was facing disaster! Fortunately, I remembered that the Professor had been the chemical specialist in a famous murder trial, about ten years before; so I engaged him for half an hour in a discussion of the merits of the case and was passed by him all right. A few such victories, however, would have left my nervous system a wreck.

I took the Tiffany surgical prize at graduation; and for years Dr. Tiffany tried to make a surgeon of me; for I had the theory down fine; but practical surgery in those days, performed in the patient's home without trained nurses was too terrible. The long knife of my prize case I tried, by blunting its point, to utilize for a table carving knife; for it was of the finest steel, shaped to pierce the hip and cut outward quickly before the patient had time to bleed to death; but housekeepers have prejudices, and today it lies in its case unused.

Chloroform

At that time the great battle was on, between Chloroform and Ether. Chloroform was sure to quiet, but dangerous; Ether was safer, but as then used, uncertain, for the anæsthetized was liable to get up off the operating table and walk

away. Young surgeons began practice as advocates of chloroform. Presently one of their patients suddenly died of chloroform—thereafter they used ether. Among the Faculty, Professor Chisolm stood alone as the champion of chloroform. He was an impressive lecturer, concise, accurate, with the voice and bearing of a military officer giving orders to his staff. In the service of the Confederacy, he had treated the first wounded of the War, at the firing on Fort Sumter, and had written the standard Manual of Military Surgery for the Southern armies. He told me a little of his surgical practice in the four years before the War began. "I would operate," he said, on a slave; and send the bill to his owner." "Doctor," the owner would protest, "the nigger ain't worth that much. You can have him, for your fee." "I don't want him," Dr. Chisolm would answer. "And the master was always forced by law to pay the bill," he told me.

When Dr. Chisolm came to Baltimore, he announced himself as a specialist in eye surgery (he was a good one, too) and somehow got on the Staff of the Old School as surgeon, gradually specializing in the eye alone.

He attached himself to the First Presbyterian Church (*northern*) and presently they built an eye and ear hospital (by inter-church subscription) and put Dr. Chisolm at the head of it. At the time of my graduation, he is said to have operated for cataract a thousand times; and to have administered chloroform more than ten thousand times without a serious accident. The rapid domestication of a Southern military surgeon in a Northern church, when there was a Southern church near by, and a certain disregard of Professional conventions by him, must have prejudiced some of the Faculty against him; although they could not deny his ability as a surgeon. Professor McSherry confided once to a circle of pupils that Chisolm's financial future was safe; for he had thrown so much dust into the eyes of those Presbyterians that it would take him all the rest of his life to get it out. It was a subject of wonder with others of his colleagues, "how

Chisolm had managed to hypnotize those churches into building him a hospital."

Professor Chew's only departure from his inherited Quaker poise was when some one spoke to him of Chisolm's use of chloroform. Dr. Chisolm considered auscultation of the heart quite proper before chloroforming. I have seen him gravely apply his ear to the chest of a patient lying ready for an eye operation; "Heart perfectly normal! Go ahead with the anæsthetic!" Other surgeons, when a patient's heart during anæsthesia with chloroform stopped beating, would be alarmed. Not so, Dr. Chisolm. When this occurred during an eye operation at his hospital, he would have the head lowered and the body raised and go on operating. "Gentlemen"; he would say to his class "when my patient's heart stops under chloroform, I give *more chloroform!*"

Dr. Chew would become angry when we told him of this:—"Chisolm auscultate the heart!" he would break out, "Chisolm don't know any more about auscultation than a *cow!*" How Professor Chisolm put it over till the end of his days without accident, was a standing puzzle to the Baltimore Profession;—but he did!

The New "Old School"

I have hesitated to paint its shadows into this picture of the Old Medical School as I saw it fifty years ago; but who wants a picture without shadows! The Old School is a part of Maryland;—a sturdy tree planted by our forefathers which has weathered the storms of more than a century and is today, with graduates equalling the best in the nation, as strong and young as ever.

The almost impossible task assigned to it in its charter; of (without endowment) creating or annexing to itself all the other parts essential to the formation of a University, has been recently accomplished. Today it is a part of our accredited State University of five colleges,—Engineering, Ag-

riculture, Education, Home Economics, Arts and Sciences; and five schools,—Medicine, Law, Pharmacy, Dentistry, and Nursing; (also a Graduate School); with a total enrollment of students of about four thousand. The colleges draw support from Maryland's share of National school funds; the schools are liberally provided for by appropriations of the State Legislature.

The Johns Hopkins University is a great national or world institution located at Baltimore. Maryland feels capable of supporting another great University,—a direct product of Maryland soil, embodying the best ideals and traditions of one of the thirteen sovereign states which associated themselves into the national Union. The number of students in the two Universities aggregates about the same. Working together in friendly rivalry, they will furnish to Baltimore even more than her dreams of old,—diversified advantages unsurpassed in the world. It is interesting to observe that the Agricultural College planned by Johns Hopkins has found realization at College Park.

The shadows in my picture of the Old School in its time of distress will but accentuate the loyalty of the men who believed in the School and stood by it faithfully till a brighter day dawned.

CHAPTER VI

RESIDENCE AT BAY VIEW

AFTER graduation from the Old School, with a solemn promise exacted by Professor Miltenberger as he handed us our diplomas that we would never "be guilty of any unprofessional or *ur*-regular practice", the more ambitious members of the class looked around them for post-graduate opportunities. I could, as prize-man, have had a position as "Interne" in the University Hospital; but I chose a year's residence at the Bay View Almshouse, where there were large numbers of invalids (though mostly chronic), and where I would be in the country. Seven others chose this service, Craighill, Woods, Berst, Sanderson, Russell, Miller and Keylor. We paid one or two hundred dollars a year for the privilege; and had two large rooms for our quarters, with four beds in each room. We must have been a good-tempered lot; for during the whole year's residence, I do not remember a single quarrel. There were several slight illnesses among us; and one of the eight fell desperately in love with a city girl and spent his time praticing on the banjo; but I rather liked the double duty this threw on me. We made morning and evening rounds, carrying out the directions of the Visiting Physicians, and getting many opportunities to practice a little on our own responsibility. Analyses, and temperatures (for there were no nurses other than inmates), with case-records kept us quite busy.

There was a Druggist, Dr. Bartlett, a Roman Catholic who was a sort of house-father to all who were seriously ill, seeing to their physical comfort and spiritual necessities. This he did in such a tactful, kindly way that we internes were greatly attached to him; (especially as his drugs and drug-

work were first class) and received from him much valuable advice. I believe that every large hospital of this sort ought to have such a friend of the suffering in residence. Noticing some peculiarities in his religious ways, I enquired the cause. He said he was a Jansenist;—the only one of that ancient sect I have ever known.

There were two visiting physicians, understood by us to be politically appointed. One, of whom we thought little scientifically, usually prescribed Carbonate of Ammonia in whiskey for all ailments. The other visitor, Dr. George Reynolds, was a physician of earnestness and good judgment, whom we regarded very highly.

I knew him fairly well in my after life. He was the only man I ever met who bid defiance to Angina Pectoris; recovering from it and practicing for many years afterwards;—till at last he sank under the consequences, of a blow on the head given him near the Washington Monument by a highwayman. I was told that when he had his first attack of Angina, he went to bed for a month or more, and "hardly moved a muscle in all those weeks." Usually, the physician of that day (its victims were very often doctors) when attacked by this disorder, made his will, set his affairs in order, and went ahead with his ordinary work till his time came.

Dr. Atkinson

Dr. I. E. Atkinson, also, a Baltimorean of the highest medical type, visited Bay View. Through political friends, he had forced himself in as Visiting Physician without salary; desiring to perfect himself in Pathology, which he had begun to teach in the Old School. He had won a place there as Dermatologist, having gained in this specialty an international reputation; and he later advanced through Pathology and Therapeutics to a position as successor of Dr. Chew, a leading medical consultant in the city;—winning in each of these positions the confidence of all who knew him. The coming of

the Hopkins changed things; but could not affect the reputation he had built for himself as Baltimore's ablest physician. I won his friendship by writing my graduation thesis on Eczema. I confessed to its striking similarity to the description by Duhring; but defended the resemblance on the ground that it was the only book I had on the subject. Under Atkinson, the advantages of residence in Bay View were trebled. We did a great deal of microscopic and chemical analysis; attempted to unfold the tangled symptoms of accumulated chronic diseases in the paupers; and made some interesting therapeutic studies, such as testing out the value of Tincture of Iodine internally in certain chronic malaria cases unaffected by quinine. Sometimes we thought, on analysing the results, that it had acted very beneficially; but usually it did no good.

There was no separate hospital ward in those days; although in winter, when the tramps thronged in, there was a population of close to a thousand inmates, and of course no trained nursing, this being attended to by the more able paupers. The negro wards were in the wings, above the pauper insane wards; and as some of these latter wandered about the corridors, I did not like night visits to the upper wards. Only once, however, did I have to run for safety from the threat of a beating by one of these wanderers.

Few of the regular inmates were brought to the almshouse by poverty; the majority being the victims of drug-habits and vice. The main streets at that time were dotted with liquor saloons, sometimes three or more to a block, from which the most seductive odors floated out to the passer-by. Bay View was at that time the only refuge from whiskey and opium to be found in the city. We, internes, became very much attached to many of the inmates who had found shelter here from these drugs, including the woman who looked after our rooms and tended us when we were sick; and when on rare occasions they ventured confident to the city and fell; we were glad when they got back to Bay View and helped them

to get on their feet again and make a new start. Many young women, wrecked in the houses which the city licensed (by fines) at that time, became our patients, and we watched by the death beds of some of them. I would find frequently at their bedsides handsomely clothed and bejeweled ladies who kept watch on them and took them back to their houses when convalescent. We, internes, did not think this was right! I, personally, resented the sacrifice of our young citizens to these traffieks and was glad when the city cut loose from them. Dr. Atkinson was greatly embarrassed, on days when he stayed with us to dinner, by finding that the pauper inmate waiting on our table was one of his classmates and fellow-graduates, now a wreck from whiskey and opium.

From my care of the pauper insane, I learned nothing; as little attention was paid to them. The males were under the keeping of an insane doctor. The women were in charge of a kindly middle-aged woman, also insane, in a mild way; but how, I never learned. When I made my morning rounds, and asked her how the patients in her rooms were, she invariably answered, "Well, Doctor, all I know is. they's all able for their rations." One of my charges danced or jumped all day, strapped at a post standing in the yard; praying or cursing as the mood seized her. Nowadays her need for exercise would be understood and satisfied; as we have found that crazy people have a reason for what they do, and try to find what that reason is.

After staying a year at Bay View, I became eager to leave. It seemed to me that long residence in such institutions made people lazy. I left and went into family practice. In those days few, even of well-to-do families, started medical practice as *physicians de luxe*, as at present. On graduation, they located in or near some district peopled by the poorer classes, on the main thoroughfare, and set themselves to work learning actual practice by caring for the sick who were sure to throng the office of the young doctor who was so attentive to them. Among thrifty foreign immigrants, who no matter

how poor at the start, were sure to make good; and who had large families and were used to paying cash "in the old country," the advance of the young doctor who attended to his business was certain. In my district, the poorer classes were negro, for these nearly all had white physicians at that time; and as eventually these had to be excluded from the office, on account of the prejudices, not of the doctor but of his well-to-do white patients, progress was much slower, and many good practitioners found their incomes in later life uncertain.

Medical Trade

Ability to hold practice against competition in middle and later life, is an art entirely apart from scientific and therapeutic accomplishment. I knew a doctor who could keep his private hospital rooms and wards filled more successfully than any one in the city; yet was so careless and out-of-date that eventually he was forbidden to operate in his own wards. The first I ever heard of Dr. Atkinson, on the contrary, was a remark of the college janitor that he wondered such an able physician had only negro practice, and so little of that. I have a very pertinent letter from my grandfather, Dr. Thomas E. Bond, to my father, of the same name. The old gentleman, after practising for some years here, and serving as medical advisor to the Board of Health, had given up his practice "on account of his health" as the records read, (but I strongly suspect on account of the nerve strain attending the effort to support a large family from the fees received); and was comfortable in the editorship of the leading Methodist journal, in New York.

He writes—"When I left Baltimore I feared you had not naturally, and did not seek to acquire the tact—the address—the social propensities which are necessary to the acquisition of professional business. I know by observation that business cannot be commanded by eminent qualifications, without the concomitants I have mentioned. Dr. Davidge affectionately

called by his students "the Father of the University,"—my preceptor and afterwards my partner, was very superior in this respect to any man of his time—yet he never had a fair proportion of practice. . . . I would not have you depart a hair's breadth from the strictest obligations of religious or moral duty to acquire either business or reputation—nor from your own sense or opinion of these duties. Do what you think right though the world fall. God will take care of us."

I went with great scientific and professional enthusiasm into private practice and had the same experience as my forefathers, fully endorsing the ancient dictum that "Medicine is the Noblest of Professions and the Meanest of Trades."

Devoting myself to practice and the intensive study of my cases, with always some clinical position in the dispensaries, I broke myself down and had at the end of two years to stop work altogether. A year of Post Graduate Study in the great Hospital in Vienna, Austria, completely restored my health.

CHAPTER VII

MEDICAL PRACTICE

AS a physician, I always wanted to be a family practitioner. I could have become a specialist (Mr. W. W. Spence, who was the main backer of Dr. Chisolm in the First Presbyterian Church, offered to secure me a place under him in the new eye hospital), but a specialist's life had never appealed to me. This prejudice against specialism was not hereditary; for the type of specialism now prevalent was unknown to the generations before me. The special line of subdivision in medicine or surgery followed by certain men in my father's time had been determined by aptitude developed during many years as general practitioners. In fact, I believe there were, in the printed pronouncements of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty, definite injunctions against the taking up of any Specialty by any member who had not had many years of experience as a general physician or surgeon. It was considered that a doctor could not wisely handle the diseases of a particular part of the body, unless he knew thoroughly by practice the management of the whole body in its illnesses.

I suspect that nearly all of the leading specialists of my younger days were engaged more or less in General Practice. Dr. Alan P. Smith, Trustee and Consulting Surgeon of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, who held a world record for lithotomy (out of one hundred and twelve operations, losing only his fifty-fourth and sixty-seventh cases), was popular in family practice. He had relinquished the opportunity to follow his distinguished father in the faculty of the Old School, because he always became interested in his operations before the class and forgot to talk to the students about them, as he worked. Dr. Frank Donaldson, Throat specialist in the faculty, occa-

sionally attended typhoid fever. Dr. Tiffany, even after he became a leading surgeon of Baltimore, had his regular three-month service as attending physician to the little children at the Home of the Friendless. Chisolm practised only his specialty; but he had had unusually wide experience already in general and military surgery;—an experience which, doubtless, gave him his immense self-confidence and operative success.

I suppose men are constitutionally classifiable into indoor men and outdoor men. If I had the choice between life in a comfortable office as a specialist and life involving a tramp or drive all day through the snow, I would choose the snow and the sky and the wind roaring through the leafless trees. The *stirps antiquissima Bondorum* for six hundred years have been country-dwellers, with a love for the outdoors inherited from those ancient Norse Bonder who never left the "dal" beside the mountain-sheltered fiord but for the open sea;; and who founded on the chilly shores of Iceland the educational centre of Europe. To the true descendant of these Bonder the bleakest countryside has an appeal; all Nature is alive with interest; and the wild wind-tossed deep sea is the most beautiful of created things.

Dr. Osler once remarked that all the preeminent physicians of England have been men who became personal friends of the families who looked to them for advice; grieved by their misfortunes and sharing in their happinesses. This relationship has doubtless formed part of the lure of family practice, which has drawn and draws today into this ill-remunerative calling generation after generation, moved by the hereditary instinct. There is for this type of physician an unusual fascination in taking care of and guiding the family along lines of health; and the families whom they have long attended are far above the rest of the community in their understanding and appreciation of health. It was to such men and to the lesser clergy that the advance of civilization among the "masses" was mainly due, before the newspaper and the mag-

azine entered this field, and before the teaching of health in public-school textbooks, and by school physician and school nurse began to educate children and parents systematically in the knowledge of hygiene, rendering no longer necessary perhaps the old type of family physician-friend.

Cordell

Returning from Europe rested and better equipped for family practice, I found an office in a more promising location and took up the struggle again. No more break-down for me! I had learned that lesson thoroughly! About this time, the position of Librarian in the Faculty Library became vacant. The Library Board decided that the Librarian must conduct a Directory for Nurses. Dr. Cordell, the great medical historian, was Librarian. I used to see him dusting off the books gathered by his predecessors and hear him begging physicians of the old medical families of Baltimore and Maryland to send him books and mementoes of bygone days. Especially was he interested in completing the files of extinct journals, and of the London Lancet. In colonial days Baltimore physicians formed clubs of a dozen men and subscribed to this valuable journal which they handed from member to member until all had read it. Some of these old journals lying about in offices and garrets could not be duplicated in America; yet they would, as Cordell well knew, soon be carted to the dump as trash.

When he was told that he must conduct a directory for nurses, Dr. Cordell said it was beneath the dignity of a physician and he would not do it. Under insistence, he resigned. It seems a pity that there is no place now in our Baltimore Profession for this Cordell type of historian. Again and again in America one may see an enthusiast of this type replaced by a worker like myself who would not give the necessary time to such things, or by a trained librarian who cared nothing for them, or by a secretary who knew nothing of

them. For long periods in our city nothing has been done along these lines, and priceless records and letters and mementoes have been lost. But for Dr. Cordell there would be practically no record of the history of medicine in Maryland; yet Cordell received no decent financial recognition of his labors, and passed his life in comparative poverty.

I considered him foolish to spend so much of his time and thought in lines that brought him no adequate return in money. A man of good education, serving throughout the civil war with brevetted honor, his efforts to introduce higher standards of medical education in Baltimore caused him to be looked upon as an unpractical dreamer of impossible dreams. That was my own opinion of him, until his histories appeared and his dream of higher education for medical students came true. The beginnings of our medical annals had been instituted by Dr. Quinan; but the publication was only a small volume, and as Cordell declared, was full of inaccuracies. Dr. Cordell worked very carefully, and with tremendous expenditure of pains, and his indexes are fine. All future annalists must draw from his storehouses.

The initiation of higher standards of medical education had an interesting story. Year after year Dr. Cordell solicited the medical colleges of the city to send delegates to a meeting for raising the standards, each year they met without practical results. The larger colleges were willing to require a longer and higher course of study but declared it would simply be suicide for their schools to require three or four years when those in other cities would continue to demand only two years. I remember being told in the library (then on Eutaw Street), "Cordell has called his committee together again to raise the standard." We all thought it a great joke. Suddenly something happened! Professor Friedenwald, the delegate from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, made the suggestion at this meeting, "that all the leading schools of the country be invited to join in raising the standards." The problem was solved! There was no question of suicide now.

The movement spread over the whole nation.

I learned from this that no one need be discouraged by failures in advocating an important advance, for his persistency may stir up some one else who can put the thing through.

The Library

In the opening of the present Medical Library building, Dr. Cordell had no part. The University of Maryland, however, founded in 1903 a chair of History of Medicine, "the first Professorship of this much-neglected department in America," and honored Dr. Cordell by appointment to it; very appropriately, for one of Cordell's favorite topics of conversation was the need of Endowment for the Old School. During my service as Librarian in the old Athenæum building, I met nearly all the doctors who kept up with medical literature. We had a full list of foreign and domestic medical journals; and many of out habitués kept themselves quite up to date in this line. Dr. Atkinson was even laughed at by some as a "journal doctor" who got all his ideas out of journal articles and not from personal observation on his patients. Among the most interesting visitors was Dr. Joel Adam Goldman, a native of Hesse. Every Saturday he appeared in the library with a large folder under his arm. From this he would remove a week's issues of several German medical "wochenschrifts," to be replaced by the next week's issues. Another of my friends was Dr. George H. Robé, of the Physicians and Surgeons, whose career illustrates well the versatility of the old-time doctor. Originally, I think a printer, he studied Dermatology in Boston, lecturing here later on that subject, and writing a text-book on his specialty. He served for a time in the United States Signal Service, and afterwards as Acting Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A. He wrote a text-book on Hygiene, and became Health Commissioner of Baltimore. He next held a professorship in Materia Medica, and thence developed into an obstetrician and gynecological surgeon. His

closing years were devoted to the Superintendence of our State Hospitals for the insane; where he introduced valuable reforms; but was unable to try out his startling method of curing insanity by gynecological operation, because of the objections of the committee controlling the institution.

The old colored janitor of the library, "Doctor Simms," interested me very much. He professed to be a Thomsonian, the only practitioner of this once popular medical cult whom I ever knew. It was Thomsonianism which broke the control of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty over the practice of medicine in Maryland, and first successfully withstood the devastating fad for bleeding, calomeling and depleting which held America in its grip a century ago.

THOMSON

Thomson was, I believe, a genuine medical investigator and therapeutic pioneer, dwarfed by lack of education. People of this era would hardly believe the story of reputable practice at that day. Every doctor carried his lancet (a thumb lancet to be held between the fingers, or spring lancet to be released by a spring) to open the veins of his patients. Children even under two years of age might in Diphtheria be bled five ounces; but an ounce to a year was stated as a good rule for children. For robust adults, about two pints was considered a full bleeding, but Watson saw four pints and a half drawn from a strong young man with acute dropsy,—with prompt recovery. In the hands of injudicious practitioners the lancet was a weapon of terrible possibilities for harm. The death of Washington is often ascribed to the bleedings the doctor gave him for a cold he had caught.

A bleeding was so inevitable, that experienced patients, taking to bed for any illness, prepared towels, basins and bandages against the doctor's arrival. The more scientific doctor bled for the "buffy coat," a certain appearance of the blood-clot in the basin. If he did not get the buffy coat, he cut an-

other vein. Old text-books tell of the indications for treatment afforded by the buffy coat, but these are today hard to understand. I can fancy, however, the learned discourse of the old doctor, seated beside the high, curtained bedstead, as he pocketed his extra fee for the operation and wiped his lancet. The purging with calomel was severe, and its prolonged use in chronic cases debilitating;—"Her complexion" said an old-time doctor, "was compounded of the rose and the violet. Under a course of mercury she was blanched, in six weeks, as white as lily." The general principle was that in inflammations and fevers the body is over-excited, over-acting, and needs to be toned down. Fever patients, accident cases, women bearing children, were purged and bled, bled and purged. Sometimes, with very strong people, this must have done good; but the wreckage among the weak must have been terrific. The great professors of Philadelphia and elsewhere taught it, and the lesser practitioner dared not but follow them, although secretly, as far as they could, many doubtless tempered it. The common sense of the public often revolted, but this was considered mere insolence; as is, today, any criticism by the common people of professional fads in any department of science.

The Yankee, Thomson, would not be repressed. He did not believe that parturients and people with enfeebling ailments ought to be bled and purged. He said so; and he kept on talking;—ignorant talk to ignorant people. Finding that talking did no good, he acted! He thought sick people needed strengthening. He fancied that warming up their inside would be a good way to begin. A hot tea would do more good than a purge or a bleeding.

What would make the stomach inside feel good and hot? He went about the countryside chewing things—to find something hot. Horseradish was warm, but it did not make a good tea. One day he came across some red peppers hanging up outside a cottage. He chewed some. "Help! Water!" Here was something that would make a warming tea. A

mainstay of his practice thereafter was Red Pepper Tea. Very comforting in the chilly New England winters; ;and cheap!—Two Yankee essentials!

He fancied something to *tone up* the inside would be good for weak patients. What would tighten up your insides? He wandered through the woods, chewing a bit of every herb and bush and tree he came across. Oak bark was his find. It certainly can "dror things tight." Oak bark tea was added to his medical equipment. It also was cheap!

People began to talk about Thomson's teas. "Mrs. N. was at death's door from purging; but Thomson's Oak Bark Tea brought her round." "Little Johnnie R. was weak from fever and bleeding; but Thomson's Red Pepper Tea warmed him up and gave him appetite." . .

Thomson was encouraged. He made a lot of teas for different ailments.—searching woods and gardens. For grown-ups, with chronic ailments requiring long-continued treatment, he prepared, not teas, but herb remedies steeped in good West India *rum!* That won him approval everywhere!

He developed his teas and his herb remedies (rum basis) into a system of practice! and he *patented the System in the United States Patent Office!* He sold the rights to use it to physicians all over the country. If all the doctors of a town would pay the money down, he would give that town the rights. Else, not a drop of his remedies should the people there swallow.

I later met a nurse who was a Thomsonian. She lent me her textbook, edited and enlarged by Thomson, Junior. "The best proof," said the editor, "of the truth of my father's teachings, is that they have stood the test of so many years." I carefully went over the remedies listed and used in this Thomsonian book, and found they were, (I think without exception) listed, with their properties and values in disease, in the booklets issued by Parke Davis and other great pharmaceutical houses.

In the hey-day of its success, however, Thomsonians went before the Maryland Legislature and broke the right of the Medical Faculty to pass on all applicants for practice in the State ($10 fee). Many efforts of the Faculty members to recover its charter rights were unavailing, and about the time when the Hopkins was established here, the Faculty definitely gave up the effort. When I graduated from the old Medical School, any one who chose could put up a "shingle" and call himself a doctor. Not many years later, however, the Examining Boards were appointed.

I never talked much with Doctor Simms about Thomsonianism. I don't know where he got his right to practice the system; or how he acquired the title of Doctor. At that time "Doctor" was an honorary title conferred by their acquaintances on colored men who drove the buggies of popular white physicians. Doctor Simms told me that in addition to Thomsonianism he practised also according to the Conjunctions of the Planets.

Also, being exceptionally broad-minded, he used a water treatment in the form of hot baths. "De disease material," he explained to me, "lays between de innen and de outen skin; and de hot bath drives it out to de suffus of de outen skin. Den dey takes a towel and rubs it off in rolls." The results of his practice were in this respect, at least, admirable; and his explanatory theory was quite as reasonable as a number of other theories gotten off by eminent medical men. (There were at this time, probably several well-educated colored physicians in Baltimore. In 1882, Dr. Winsey, a Harvard graduate, had been admitted to membership in the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty.)

Directory for Nurses

In my little office on St. Paul Street, at the front of the Atheneum Building, which contained the library, I conducted the official Directory of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty.

When I took charge, in 1887, not a single nurse was being graduated in Baltimore. The Bon Scour Sisterhood located here about that time, but they were too few to make much impression. On my registry lists of nurses were over sixty "nurses," female and male, listed by the Committee in Charge as of sufficient character and experience for the service. I met the other day a lady who says she entered the Directory in 1887 from Massachusetts, and that she was one of the two first graduate nurses who came from the North to live and nurse in Baltimore.

Some of the female nurses on my lists were very fine women; graduates of American or European training schools; but these were so popular that I hardly knew them by sight. Many of the others had been crowded out of cities in the North or in Great Britain. One of the best trained was liable to wear herself out in devotion to a case and then fall to drinking. One or two were found to be opium eaters, and had to be expelled from the Directory for trying to teach the habit to their patients. The great majority lacked systematic training. They had perhaps been invalids in hospitals; had helped about the wards during convalescence; had then nursed a few private patients for the doctors who attended the hospital; and been accepted for the Directory on written recommendations from these doctors and their patients.

As a physician in this city, if one of his patients needed a nurse, was expected personally to look for one, and to spend perhaps half a day in the search, very moderate accomplishments in the nursing line were acceptable, and the Directory was, naturally, much appreciated. The Committee in charge, being all of them men, were kindly in judging nurses' faults. One of the nurses gave a patient a teaspoonful of carbolic acid by mistake, without serious damage. I wanted to drop the nurse from our list; but the member of the Committee whose patient she had dosed wrongly, refused to do so. He said that if I knew how the husband of the invalid had wor-

ried that nurse, I would not have been surprised at *anything* the nurse did.

There were nine male nurses on the list during my first year, all undiplomaed; who had been orderlies in hospitals. They were, with a few honorable exceptions, doubtful assets, on account of their habits and slight regard for obligations. One, with a listing as a masseur, gave such a vigorous treatment to a patient at his first visit that he became too "raw" for further treatments. Another, however, whom I sent to a wealthy Baltimorean with delirium tremens, proved so acceptable, that he served as valet to his patient at his wedding during temporary convalescence.

In the course of my administration of the Directory, the College of Physicians and Surgeons began to send out from their Maternité certified young women who had had six months of special training in that Institution. This helped me a good deal, as I used them in other lines of nursing, and could always trust them to do their best. They told me their troubles in the cases I sent them to, and the inconveniences they had to put up with being very young and serving in an unorganized profession. I remember one incident:—"Doctor Bond," the young nurse said, "I think they treated me very badly. The old lady I was nursing died in the middle of the night, and every one of the family locked herself into her own room and I was left in the sick room. Presently the undertaker came; and while I was helping him, I fainted. There was nobody there but me and the undertaker and the corpse; and the undertaker brought me to!" I have ever since regretted that I was not an artist, for that scene of "the undertaker bringing me to" would have made a picture for the Academy.

Literature

After several years of Directory management, so successful (on account mainly of the great need) that I had to have an assistant, Dr. T. A. Ashby said to me one day, "Dr. Bond!

You are at a danger point in your medical life. I have noticed that when a young general practitioner has accumulated enough practice to enable him to "get along some way" he is apt to lose interest in his profession except as a source of income, unless he becomes interested in its literature. I want you to take a department (children) in my Maryland Medical Journal, and furnish me weekly with one or more columns of abstracts along that line."

With this kind warning and send-off I began to write. I got paid for editorials in the Maryland Medical Journal and from materials in the library wrote editorials for two great New York journals, until I was supplying at times more than half of their editorial columns. With this and income from practice I felt able to give up my position at the library. Later I held for couple of years the editorship of the Maryland Medical Journal.

Academy of Medicine

My service as librarian and as editor brought me into close contact with many of the most efficient practitioners of the city, and this friendship was accentuated by membership in the Baltimore Academy of Medicine. This membership was limited to physicians of ten years experience in medical practice; but any younger graduate who could write a thesis judged equal to this amount of experience might be elected to the Academy.

Immediately after my return from Vienna, I wrote a paper on the Phenyl Hydrazin test for sugar, a practical working out of a theme much dwelt on by the great specialist Ultzmann in his clinics. The paper won a prize of fifty dollars offered annually by the older members of the Academy, and was published by Dr. C. C. Bombaugh in his Life Insurance Journal.

The Academy was an institution that ought to have survived. The leading specialists and general practitioners of

the city met there most informally, and presented clinical experiences safe in the confidence that they would be treated like gentlemen. There Miltenberger and Chew, of the Old Medical School, swapped experiences with H. P. C. Wilson, P. C. Williams, Chew Van Bibber and others who held no college position but had large personal followings. I remember with interest Dr. Christopher Johnston, Emeritus Professor of Surgery in the Old School, "an accomplished gentleman, an expert artist and microscopist, and a skilful surgeon," as he showed us through his fine microscope diatoms and other mysteries or demonstrated the polarization of light.

Dr. H. P. C. Wilson was an enthusiastic pioneer in Gynecological Surgery, and one of the founders of the Woman's Hospital, which I fancy retains to the present day much of his genial Eastern Shore spirit. I was told that every year he went on to New York for several weeks to familiarize himself with any new advances in his specialty, in that birthplace of American Gynecology, where Marion Sims labored and suffered in his earlier years.

The jolliest doctor I ever knew was, I think, old Dr. W. Chew Van Bibber, a man of very large general practice who had years before initiated the specialty of Diseases of Children at the Old School. Actually, the patient would be on the way to recover before Dr. Van Bibber had been in the room two minutes. Medical *science* was not his strong point, and he did not shine in his disquisitions on "microorgasms" to the newly introduced Hopkins laboratory chiefs. He understood human nature in its distresses, however, and his confidence in his well-tried medicines gave them healing power. (I have always believed that there is genuine healing power in the mother's kiss which is the panacea for all the minor sufferings of childhood; and that the mother's shoulder has a true sleep-persuading power over the insomnic child. Once I put a desperately wounded, restless boy to sleep by pressing his wrists tightly; and for several hours whenever he seemed

about to wake, sent him back into deep sleep by renewed pressure. I believe this simple remedy saved his life.)

It was a treat to see the old doctor in the little circle of the Academy of Medicine. Dr. Wilson would be telling, perhaps, of the almost precipitate action of a forty-grain dose of calomel in the olden time down country, when a funny incident would occur to Dr. Van Bibber. His face would prepare us for the telling, and he could hardly keep in his seat with excitement till the other had finished. Busy older general practitioners had no time for the research and clerical work necessary in the preparation of formal papers; and in those days the stenographer and her typewriter were not at his command, as now. It was in the informal, friendly medical circle that the younger men gathered practical points from the experiences of their elders.

Materialism

At the time of which I am speaking,—the time when the Hopkins began, a materialistic wave had burst over medicine and threatened to reduce practice to a medley of mathematical formulae. The patient was viewed as an animated test tube full of germs which must be killed, to restore health;—so many germs, so much poison to kill them, and the patient is cured! The disease-germ,—the *agent* in the production of disease, was imagined to be the *cause* of the disease, whereas the cause of disease is really the failure of the self-protecting powers of the body,—the *Vis Medicatrix Naturae*, of which the ancients were so fond of talking. The older practice of acting simply as a helper of the body in its fight, of giving now a tonic to the whole body, or to a particular organ, to help it do its work better; again, a medecine that would carry away poisonous accumulations through the bowels, kidneys or skin; again, a medicine which would help the nervous system by deepening the sleep;—these reasonable measures were abandoned for a fierce war against germs. In abdominal opera-

tions the great peritoneal cavity was sprayed with antiseptics, carbolic acid solution, etc., before closing the incision, to kill the germs which might have gotten in from the air; every inward surface of the body was douched liberally with strong germicides; efforts were seriously made to sterilize by means of medicines by the mouth, the whole digestive canal! There was a total disregard of the self-healing powers of the body and of the feelings of the patient. In typhoid fever the ice bath was declared to be a panacea, so ruthlessly administered that the patient, especially a child, spent the hours between the baths in terror of the coming immersion. For a time the idea prevailed that in typhoid fever the main thing was to keep the temperature normal, and as a substitute for the cold bath some practitioners *actually kept it normal* in their patients by the depressing new drug Acetanilid. Instead of considering himself as the ring-master in the arena, seeing to it that the body had a fair fight with disease; the doctor himself engaged in a fight with disease over the prostrate body of the patient, and many an ill-directed blow landed on the poor sufferer. "Sometimes," confessed one of my old medical friends, Dr. B. B. Browne, "it seems to me that the little life left in the patient was snuffed out by the electric currents the doctors applied to strengthen his heart."

Gradually, the common sense of the public, the protests of nurses and the conservative attitude of many experienced practitioners revived again a respect for the body's healing powers. Some older men among us were outspoken in their anxiety for the future of the profession. I shall never forget walking home one night with Dr. Miltenberger from the Academy of Medicine how he suddenly burst out, "Doctor! They have gone back thirty years! They are treating disease, and not the patient!" I myself learned in long-continued cases,—to stop all medicines occasionally for a day or two and get my bearings. Sometimes I found that the drugs I was using were useless; or even harmful. The daughter of an elderly patient once told me that the placebo of one-tenth of

a grain of Bromide of Soda which I had furnished her mother for the purpose just mentioned was the best medicine I had ordered during the whole course of her illness.

I should not be a true historian if I passed over the many efforts, often mixed with quackery, which have been made to heal disease through the agency of the self-healing powers of the body. One of our most distinguished Mayors cured his rheumatism by (or *while*) carrying a potato in his pocket. I have known of malaria being cured by (or *while*) wearing a little table salt in the stocking. Pure Hahnemannism (often called Homeopathy) consists in putting the body to bed; giving it a fine flushing out with water taken hourly with the infinitessimal drug-nothings; and stimulating the nervous system to its best work by hope and confidence of ultimate recovery. It is a good system in those cases where the bowels and kidneys do not quit work and go into a sort of spasm at the onset of the illness. Mixing his Hahnemannism with little undetected excursions into the realm of active drugs on occasion, a homeopath possessing common sense was often the best doctor in the village. The celebrated instance in old times where the Panama Beans obtained "with great difficulty" for a malarial patient by a leading Baltimore homeopath were discovered to contain sulphate of quinine coated with gelatine made a delightful story for "Regular" circles. Homoeopathy received what seemed to me an unfair blow "below the belt" when some years ago the Regulars induced the best equipped Homeopaths to join the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty as "not Homeopaths, but Physicians who at times used Homeopathic measures in appropriate cases." Hahnemann's *theory* of treatment, however, took no account of the self-healing powers of the body, but was a direct attack by aid of the highly spiritualized medicine upon the disease seated in the spirit of the patient.

Osteopathy

A very ingenious working theory concerning the self-healing power was the basis of Osteopathy, as originally taught by its American Founder. He taught that there is in every part of the body a healing liquid which circulates in its own special vessels or channels and, when this circulation is uninterrupted, vivifies the tissues and protects them efficiently from all diseases, however fierce their onset. Sickness, therefore, can occur only when this circulation is interrupted. Such interruption is produced usually by pressure of a displaced bone upon the special vessels,—through fracture of the shafts of the bones or dislocation of the bones at a joint; of which (large and small together) there are a great many. The physician's only duty was to search for the place of pressure (often in the most unsuspected location) and, finding it, to reduce the fracture or dislocation. The Founder was so sure that he was right that no anatomical proof of this circulation or of its vessels was attempted or considered desirable. His ideas nevertheless were taken up with enthusiasm, and from them several more or less vigorous schools allied in clinical method to massage, have been evolved. The self-healing powers of the body are certainly strengthened by anything that cheers and comforts the mind; and intense absorption in religious or other happy thought-processes not only gives better play to the self-healing agencies, but gives time for the body to work out its own cure. The defenders of the various types of mind-cure and faith-cure, of homeopathy, and Christian Science (or more properly Eddyism) very wisely belittle anatomical studies or demonstrations of the seat or symptoms of the disease, and lay special stress on the patient's recovery of his health.

I think I have in these fifty years since I began my preliminary studies in the Hopkins, outlived all sectarian prejudices as to *how* physicians should attempt to guide the sick to recovery. I believe that no one should be permitted prac-

tice until he knows something of the body, of the nature of disease, and of the actions of the various agencies used in treatment; but after he has obtained a sufficient knowledge of these things, he should be permitted to practice as he thinks best,—subject to the laws of the State and of Common Sense. I have had friendly relations with adherents of many medical fads and have studied their systems carefully. Once I had the pleasure of watching the body throw out an infection in a tonsil, by means of a large "abscess," in a lady who said she had "a belief of an old-fashioned sore throat." It certainly was a bad crowd of beliefs. She was a practitioner of her cult herself; but the beliefs increased till her throat was nearly closed, and she called in a consultant. The body's self-healing process had now thinned the abscess-walls almost to bursting, and the consultant told her to go home and think no more about it as she was well. When I saw her next day she was very happy in the consultant's cure by "Science" and told me that a great quantity of the most horrible matter had come from her throat. I congratulated her on her recovery and told her she ought to be thankful she was rid of such an accumulation of bad thoughts. She was of the opinion that I was really a "Scientist" myself. To sick children, however, I believe that the community stands naturally in the relationship of Guardian; and it ought to see to it that *they* have the best treatment known in our city.

The New Medicine

The new medicine, of which the Hopkins School and Hospital and the School of Hygiene are embodiments, has opened a new field of scientific discovery;—the revealing through laboratory research of those agencies by which the body overcomes disease—germs and their poisons; the surface defenses; and the poison-destroyers produced by the blood itself. The literature on this theme, issued from many laboratories in many nations is already enormous.

The further investigation of the means by which the body, having once won a fight against certain epidemic diseases, is long immune to their assaults, has always been a subject of special interest to Dr. Welch, its chief exponent here.

This new medicine wages war against sickness on two fronts;—First by searching for the outside breeding-places of its poisonous agent, and for the means by which it is carried to patients,—in order to lessen its virulence, to destroy its breeding-places and to prevent carriage;—and, second, by developing generations of men and women and children so strong and healthy that their bodies by their own powers shall beat back infections which have attacked them, without ever becoming sick. As the banishment of sickness from the community requires that every citizen shall live intelligently, cleanly, happily and wholesomely, this new medicine takes its place among the most potent agencies for bringing in a new era of civilization for the whole human race, higher, more kindly and more practical than any which has preceded it.

CHAPTER VIII

CALENDAR OF SCHOOLS FOR YOUNG LADIES

HIGHER education of women, checked by the Reformation, is resumed in the United States. Margaret Mercer, "a daughter of our Revolutionary Aristocracy", becomes the leading teacher and trusted guide of the young women of Maryland.

1796 The Methodists offer to young women a high grade co-education in Cokesbury College, relocated in Baltimore.

1800 Mrs. Priestly conducts a popular young ladies' school here.

1813 Miss Hoffman takes a medal at Miss Lyman's school, Philadelphia.

1818 Misses Blackburn have a large female seminary here.

1839 Miss Hall's Dame School. Fayette near Asquith Street.

1840 Misses Morris attend Mr. Clark's popular Baltimore school.

1841 School of Mr. Adkins (later an Episcopal clergyman).

1848 Baltimore Female College (Methodist) opens under N. C. Brooks.

1850 Miss McDowell has a school for little boys and girls.
Miss Letitia Tyler Semple (once Lady of White House) has a girls' finishing school on Hamilton Terrace.
Mr. N. H. Morrison (later Provost of Peabody) has a girls' school.

TO Baltimore Collegiate Institute for Young Ladies, (Jarboe, Pres't).
Mrs. Jones has a school for girls on Mt. Vernon Place.
Mrs. Cary's Southern Home School for Young Ladies lays special stress on social graces. A daughter sang "Maryland, My Maryland" among the Southern sol-

1870 diers at Manassas.

1871 Miss Kummer and Mrs. Lefebvre have a high grade girls' school.
Misses Adams have English and French School for girls.
1876 Misses Hall have a very popular school for girls.
1882 Misses Bond conduct the Mount Vernon School.
The Woman's Medical College;—high standards, but no endowment.
1888 Goucher College opens;—the crowning gift of Methodism to the women of Baltimore.

MEDICAL CALENDAR

1788 Dr. Wiesenthal founds a medical society in Baltimore.
1788 His school (of anatomy only) is wrecked by a mob.
1790 Dr. Wiesenthal and Dr. Buchanan found a medical school here.
1799 The Medical and Chirurgical Faculty (State Med. Soc.) is founded.
1807 The Medical School, University of Maryland, is chartered.
1827 Washington University Medical School, refused by Legislature, gets Pennsylvania charter.
1830 The University of Maryland, to Medicine and Law, adds Arts and Sciences (the Balt. Coll.).
1832 Washington Medical College obtains incorporation in Maryland.
1839 Baltimore College of Dental Surgery (the first in the world), is incorporated by Drs. Hayden, Harris and T. E. Bond.
1839 Washington Medical College obtains powers as a University.
1851 Washington University is closed and sold for debt.
1867 The charter of Washington Medical School revived by physicians and surgeons of Confederate armies.

1872 College of Physicians and Surgeons splits off from Washington College.
1881 Baltimore Medical College is founded.
1882 Woman's Medical College is founded.
1889 Johns Hopkins Hospital opens.
1893 Johns Hopkins Medical School opens. (There were now eight city medical schools white and colored, turning out graduates.)

CALENDAR OF EDUCATION (General)

1787 First college (Interdenominational) in Baltimore opens.
1796 Cokesbury college, rebuilt in city, (Methodist; Coeducational).
1797 Maryland Academy of Sciences founded.
1799 Academic Department, St. Mary's Seminary (R. C.) opens.
1800 John P. Kennedy attends lower grades of Priestly's Academy.
1801 Baltimore Free School opens in Light Street Methodist Parsonage.
1803 Baltimore College (non-sectarian) opens; from schools of Priestly and Knox; Archbishop Carroll, President Board of Trustees.
1805 St. Mary's College (at the R. C. Seminary), becomes a University and two years later is proposed to the Legislature as a department of the University of Maryland.
1818 Asbury College (backed by the Methodists) opens.
1829 First Public School (Male Free School) opens on Lancaster System.
1830 Baltimore College made Department Arts and Sciences, University of Maryland.
1833 Mt. Hope College opens. Gives all degrees, for several years.
1834 Franklin College is chartered.

1839 University powers given to Washington Medical College. Baltimore City College opens under N. C. Brooks. Trustees of Public Schools try to annex Department of Arts, etc., University of Maryland.

1844 Newton Academy opens. Next year getting University charter.

1848 Baltimore Female College opens under N. C. Brooks. Maryland Institute organized.

1852 Loyola College (Jesuit) opens.

1854 Department Arts, etc., of University of Maryland becomes its School of Letters.

1855 Topping's School for Boys.

1856 Mt. Washington College (Methodist) opens north of city.

1866 Peabody Institute opens. Public Schools reorganized.

1867 Maryland Academy of Sciences granted a perpetual charter.

1872 The author attends George Carey's School for Boys. Dr. Atkinson's school rivals Mr. Carey's.

1876 Johns Hopkins University opens. In city are described private schools;—for boys, 16; for girls, 34; for boys and girls, 31; parochial (R. C.) 34.

1888 Goucher College founded by Centennial Methodist Conf.

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